



In Memoriam

Philosophical Poems

Sorin Cerin

SORIN CERIN
- IN MEMORIAM - Philosophical poems

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2022

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1. IN MEMORIAM

Ever since you are a Memory,
I wander through the desert of the Heart of a Meaning,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
thirsty for the Answer,
which he could give me,
the Ruined Future,
when I want to get dressed,
with the Dream of having you alongside,
because I am painfully cold,
by your Memory,
what grinds my shores of the Being,
which is ceaselessly crumbling,
into the boundless depths,
of the poisoned Thorns of Regrets,
from the bricks of which,
I rebuilt my cathedral,
of your Face,
from which has no longer remained,
Nothing else,
than the Absolute Truth of Love,
on the altar of which,
I have placed the Rediscovery,
knowing that it is the icon of your Soul,
to which I pray,
that the next Dawn,
to no longer crush me,
with indifferent and sad lead,
of Silence,
as if it didn't even exist,
the Past.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
I cut to the root,
the weeds of the Black Thoughts,
which have begun to invade us,
the Infinity of Dreams,
stolen by the Illusions of Truth,
in order to be sold on Nothing,
to the Paradise of a God,
who has made from their bodies,
the Candles of Falling Stars,
of Destinies,
for to be placed at the head,
of the Illusions of Death,
when our Life is deposited,
in the coffin of the Feelings,
through the Darkness of so much Pains,
which we to embrace them,
in order to burn us, with Suffering,
the Life beautified,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
of the Wax Hearts of Forgetfulness,
melted,
on the forehead of Regrets,
on whose Horizons,
we are forced,
to support,
the Past.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I run on the muddy roads,
and so stifling,
of the Questions,
on which none of us,

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we can't breathe them anymore,
with the lungs of the Tear,
covered with the dust,
of the Cemeteries of Hopes,
of a Destiny,
so foreign to us.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I get lost among the Dreams,
sick of your absence,
from the Glance of the Boundlessness,
on whose vault,
we were heading,
somewhere, sometime,
wanting to know,
if the Star,
which will appear in our way,
is called Love,
so that we can give it,
the name of our Time,
so that we can give it,
the name of our Time,
so that the Feelings,
to rekindle,
at the shadow of Happiness,
the Sacred Fire of Love,
to which to warm our Destiny,
which now,
became sculpted,
in the cold and insensitive Stone,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
of an Absurd,
of the Nobody.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
I often talk to the Destiny,
molded from the clay of Suffering,
by the hands of a God,
of Original Sins,
who chose us specially,
the Falling Star,
of the Separation,
reincarnating us in a World,
on which none of the rays,
of the Divine Light,
- which shone dazzlingly,
in the Hearts of our Feelings,
from the Boundlessness,
from before we were born-,
it would never have wanted it,
in the Thoughts,
what have become mortal,
once with the Destiny of Pain,
in which we incarnated.

Ever since you are Memory,
the Happiness,
has come to beg,
for the mercy of the Cemeteries of Hearts,
of Homeless Days,
in which we are obliged,
by the Non-Senses of Existence,
to we bury us,
the Love,
which has fallen ill,
among the unforgiving ice,
of the Vanities,

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on which it,
hoped to melt them with the Feelings,
that were becoming,
more and more powerless,
and deepened,
in our last,
Cemeteries of Words,
when they crossed,
the zebras of Good and Evil.

Ever since you are a Memory,
you have become,
a Flower of Tear,
that you have trickled down,
without your will,
on the face,
of a God,
so cold and inhuman,
that you froze,
becoming an Ice Flower,
mirrored,
in the frozen Gaze,
of the Death,
what now,
hides from you,
the Divine Light of the Soul,
among the Inert Hearts,
of the Years,
through which we passed,
Together,
which spring abundantly,
in the Cups of Desert,
sipped greedily,
by the Illusions of Life and Happiness,

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in which you were incarnated,
by a Destiny,
of the Nobody.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I talk to you whenever I see,
how the Hearts of Wind,
of the Vanities,
carve to you,
from the Bitter Stone of Existence,
with the chisel of the Lead Clouds of the Heart,
the frozen Smile of Death,
so foreign,
that I would give anything,
to be able to set you free,
from the disfigured Cathedral of the Pains,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
which have kidnapped you from me,
for to run with you,
in a World after Life,
which hides you,
among the tombs of the Oaths,
which we have made,
on the Altar of Love,
now crumbled,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which I want to defeat them,
with your own Death,
for to be reborn Together,
a new Star,
which to no longer collapse,
in the Heart of Ashes,
of Nobody's Future.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
you became yourself,
the Absolute Truth,
which I find every time,
in the distances without end,
from the Looks of Tears,
more and more crushed and bewildered,
in which are drowning, the Hopes,
of to meet us again,
in a World,
where to not exist Falling Stars,
with Souls,
imprisoned by incarnation,
in the dust of the Illusions,
of a Nobody's Destiny.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I hum you,
the refrain of Divine Light,
sung by the Angels of Love,
on the Lost Heavens,
of my Soul,
petrified by the Pain,
that sculpted,
its own Stone Heart,
of a Nobody's Future,
which, to beat in the chest
of the Eternities of Moments,
of the Death,
on whose forehead,
flow the Tears of our Promises,
of to remain always,
Together.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
the Bodies of our Feelings,
are always transforming,
into the falling stars of Disappearance,
which are collapsing on the black and cold asphalt,
of the Destiny,
washed by the frozen Meanings,
of the Words what have driven mad,
through the Hospices of the Parting from ourselves,
when we each realized,
that, we are nothing more,
than the smoke of Remembrance,
which trickles to us,
through the fingers of the scattered Tears,
on the Heart of Bitter Stone,
of the Forgetfulness,
given by the God of the Nobody,
to Death,
which did not deserve us,
for which reason,
I will kidnap you from the Darkness without limits,
of the Destruction,
and I will kindle your Soul,
with my Dreams,
for to transform you,
in a Star,
which will no longer forsake ever,
the vault of the Absolute Truth of Love,
for to fall,
into the cold and careless dust,
of the Disappearance,
of this World of the Nobody.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
I run to Nowhere,
trying to catch the cold hand of Hope,
of to leave me myself,
passing beyond this Existence,
the only one left to me,
of to fly on the wings of Suffering,
and to become aware,
that you no longer exist,
between the beats of my Heart,
on this World of Vanity,
of a Word of Creation,
of the Pain,
in all its splendor,
of making Miracles,
of the Absurd,
which we may glorify them,
drowned in the Tears of shattered Dreams,
at the Shores of which we crumble,
the Feelings,
at the gates of a Ruined Future.

Ever since you are a Memory,
you have remained the same,
Struggle, of the Love,
with the soles of Dreams bloodied,
by the Sunsets of the late Autumns,
of the vain Expectations,
on the empty pedestals,
of the Self-Discoveries,
kidnapped by the Compromises,
of the Nonsense of Existence,
made to the Illusions of Life and Death,

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cold and perfidious,
which have obliged our Destiny,
to we become the Living Statues of the Absurd,
on the dusty Scenes of Nobody's Time,
before whom we played,
the roles of our own Eternities of killed Moments,
lost among the interminable applause,
of the Tortures,
which have deafened us,
always demanding us,
a new representation,
where to we use,
the same props,
of the Vanities.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I'm looking for you through the pages,
gnawed and indecipherable,
of the Expectations, increasingly heavy,
arid and desolate,
between me,
and the endless Spaces,
of your Heart,
whose clock,
has broken down,
just when we were about to choose the exact Time,
where we would have met,
the Boundlessness,
becoming one and the same Soul again,
of the Love,
which now lies crucified,
on the cold slab,
laid on the grave,
of the Eternity of Moment,

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of the Tear of a Love,
where we live now.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I always think of you,
Divine Light of the Dawns,
of the Absolute Truth,
which, you have forsaken me
on sorrowful shoulders,
of the Dawns of Some Steps,
which will never return,
from the arms of the Falling Star,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which they addressed to us,
the Absurd and the Vanity,
of a Destiny,
of the Nobody,
which not even,
he didn't light a candle for us anymore,
to the dying head,
of our Eternity of Moment,
when I was shouting deaf you, in vain,
on the deserted streets of the new Horizons,
which have closed my Dreams,
between the bars without Heaven,
of the same Illusions of Life and Death,
which we never took them,
seriously when we were together.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I ended up talking to the Stars,
to ask them,
if they remember,

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your Star,
which may not have fallen,
it could be a mistake,
of a God,
foreign to ourselves,
who threw from the vault of his Dreams,
another Star,
but not you.
In response,
all the Stars are silent,
flickering with Tears of Light,
knowing that you have remained for Eternity,
only the Star,
what will shine Endlessly,
only on the vault of my Soul.

Ever since you are a Memory,
you are a Lyre of My Existence,
to which they will sing eternally,
the Angels of the Heaven of Love,
which we conquered together,
holding in our hands,
the Absolute Truth,
alongside which,
I did not believe that the Star of our Heart,
to ever fall,
in the arms of the Vanity,
of these Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
clothed in the Absurd,
what gives meaning,
to this World of the Nobody.

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Ever since you are a Memory,
you always burn me with Fire, of Evocation,
to receive the brightness of your Dreams,
of Star of the Love,
on the dark Sky of the Soul,
in the darkness of which,
I wander through the wilderness of Words,
dripping on the face of the Tear,
full of the mold of Loneliness,
at, edge of grave, of the Meanings,
which, they had Nothing more to say,
when I was talking about you,
in the Spring of the buds of Sadness,
whose flowers will be given,
in bouquets of Remembrances,
to the Breath of another Time,
which will no longer be ours.

Ever since you are a Memory,
every time I wake up,
from the deep, sweaty Nights,
of the Nightmares,
the Dawn of Loneliness
clothes me with the mantle of Pain,
hoping to keep me away,
from the cold of end of World,
of the Forgetfulness,
which began to carve,
in, the Heart of Bitter Stone of the Destiny,
of the new Eternities of Moments,
Regrets and Remorses,
which have never even known you,
on the stage of some Feelings,
of this Dramatic World,

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where we were obliged,
to we repeat endlessly,
the roles of the Absurd,
from the Theater of the Non-Senses of Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in whose language,
we have perfected ourselves without our will,
the Vanity,
of this Reality.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I speak with every breeze of Wind,
opening the gates of the deep Wounds,
of the arrows stuck in the bodies,
increasingly exhausted, of the Words,
which seem to have Nothing more to say,
on the same streets of the Glances,
now deserted,
on which we walked,
somewhere - sometime,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
trying to we find another Destiny for him,
which we to can both wear,
no matter the occasion,
with more lightness,
only that,
through the Trade Fairs of the Compromises of this World,
we have found only the same old things,
ragged and decomposed,
of the Sufferings,
sold at too high a price,
to our own Absurd,
which we were trying to run away from,

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among the roots of our own Glances,
after whose bodies we hid,
the Helplessness.

Ever since you are a Memory,
you became,
an Angel of my Eternity of Moment,
which I lost,
at the roulette of a God of the Nobody,
who always makes the Games of Suffering,
for the Paradise of Pains,
which he created specifically for us,
turning the Hopes into lattices,
and the Destinies into Prisons,
from where we will never be able to escape,
bound with the chains of the Lead Hearts,
of the Days, fallen from the parental rights
of a Time,
which, we thought might be ours.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I run without knowing where I can find you,
among the cemeteries of Words,
of the increasingly desolate Dawns,
lifted by the kites of Vanities,
over the Heavens of our Dreams,
struck on all sides,
by the Storms of Feelings,
ever darker and colder,
which rise to Nowhere,
killing the Horizons of Hugs,
in which we often got lost,
finding us on the shores of some Smiles,

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what have collapsed into the Nothingness of Forgetfulness,
which have now become,
the Abysses of Despairs,
in which we continually collapse even today.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I argue with the Nothingness,
until the Hours of the Night stop,
leaving in their Path,
the fangs bloodied by new Days,
of the Memory,
on whose shoulders,
I want in vain,
to heal,
the deep Wounds of Tears,
which keep the gates open,
to the new Lead Sunrises,
cut into the flesh of Thoughts,
by the Loneliness,
so obsessed,
by our Eternity of Moment,
of the Love,
so that after he hunted her,
through the Desert of my Heart,
he now burns her on the pyre,
of the Vanity of this Time,
of the Absurd.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I rebel against everything,
which means Thought,
wishing to be with you,
on the Horizon of the Flames of Longing,

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which awaits you,
trying to rekindle for you,
the Way of the Stars of the Boundlessness,
for to put them to you,
in the disheveled hair of the Tear,
on whose face,
is still dripping,
your Heart,
on whose shoulders,
I supported,
the whole Absolute Truth,
which was only you,
Love.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I wish that this Destiny of Parting,
not to have belonged to me,
and then I shout,
and I run,
but No One hears me,
because there is no Space,
where to I go,
to be able to meet you,
apart from the cold grave,
of the Memory,
covered with the Bitter Stone slab,
of the Helplessness,
on whose forehead,
I always kindle for you,
the remnants of my Heart,
which have remained unmelted,
by the Fire of the lead clouds,
of the Loneliness,
where have remained with me,

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only the Eternities of Moment,
of the Pain.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I want more than ever,
to hug you,
to embrace your Heart of Fire,
as extinguished how it is now,
Angel with broken wings,
carved in the marble of my Destiny,
whose Tear,
has no longer the power,
to bring you back,
from Death,
on the Sky of the Breath of this Time,
on whose vault,
still falling,
your Star,
deep in my Soul,
always unreconciled,
and collapsed at the heavy soles,
of the Clouds of some Disappointments,
born of a Word of Creation,
which was never uttered,
for us,
by the God,
who has confiscated our Love,
for His cathedrals of Original Sins,
whose walls of Empty Glances,
still support for us the Icons of Sufferings,
endured by the Parting,
together with which,
we were obliged to shelter,
the Feelings of the Storms,

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which are still boiling,
in the veins of the Tears of my Dreams,
so grieved by you.

Ever since you are a Memory,
I want to flow together with you,
river of Divine Light,
to wash myself in the waters of your Eternal Life,
the face of the Eternity of Moment,
of the Tear,
which you gave me,
becoming the only Hope,
which has remained to me,
held until now,
by the Heavens of the Words,
which I would ever utter them,
to the Heart of Absolute Truth,
of your Guardian Angel,
who adopted my Dreams,
as collapsed as they are today,
because he loved me,
just like you,
more than his own Wings,
giving me the Hopes of his Eternity,
to place them at the temple of my Heart,
which will always be waiting for you.

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2. It is the Hour when

It is the Hour when,
the Past becomes smoke of bitter stone,
carried on the wings of Memories,
towards the Death,
which held us tight by the hand of Destiny,
at every Smile of the Pain,
which trickled to us,
on the face of the Tear of a Time,
that wanted to leave us,
forever,
the Eternity of the Moment,
in which we hid,
the beatings of the Heart of a Love,
which had not yet fallen ill,
of, the infarction of vain Dreams.

It is the Hour when,
even the Divine Light,
which was given to us,
no longer has the strength,
to drive away the Darkness,
which had spread,
on the increasingly wrinkled face,
of the Glance,
in which we lost,
the Truth,
on which,
we will never find it again,
no matter how long we've been waiting for it,
on the cold and deserted porch,

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of our Cemeteries of Words,
in which we buried together,
the Future.

It's the Hour when,
Luck wanders drunk,
through the sordid taverns of Dreams,
at the doors of which,
we knocked in vain,
to open us up,
the same Life,
which somewhere - sometime,
has promised us that we would be together,
until it will hug us,
the Boundlessness,
that will snow on us,
with the Memories of the stars,
which will Never be lost,
among the Steps of the Vanity of this World,
falling from the vault,
of our Love,
in an incarnation of Oblivion,
by ourselves.

It's the Hour when,
the Horizons shake their lead,
of the clouds of Feelings,
in the arms of the Loneliness of Dawn,
with whose Tears,
we wash the faces of some Moments,
which don't know,
and nor will they ever find out,
who were we,

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when,
the hours of the Meeting with Destiny,
were not defective,
and they did not hang rusty on the forehead,
of the Pain,
without ever being able to show,
the Hour,
which opened us wide the windows,
of the Feelings,
in whose Breaths,
we incarnate all that could be more Absolute,
in the fragment of boundless Sky,
which were,
the Glances of our Feelings.

It's the Hour when,
have no longer remained to us,
not even,
the Steps of Hopes,
with whose soles,
to we touch the Boundlessness,
of some Truths,
to which to we can worship,
building us cathedrals of Dreams,
on the walls of which,
we to place the icons of the Promises,
to which we prayed Once,
when they had not yet passed,
the hurried hours,
with the torn pockets of Lives,
from which to fall, and our Hour, which to be lost,
in the dust of the falling stars,
so suffocating,
so that not even a Moment,

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couldn't breathe anymore,
together with us.

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3. Listen to the wilderness and let your Silence cry out

Listen to the wilderness and let your Silence cry out,
how the cold and sweaty Horizons,
they stuck their heavy lead chisels of the Clouds,
into the stone of the Soul of our own Destiny,
for to carve from him,
the great and weeping face of Happiness,
a statue that will be placed,
in the ruined and sordid square,
of our Future,
where we will always want to meet,
without ever reaching,
due to the infernal traffic,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

Listen to the wilderness and let your Silence cry out,
the Dew of the Smiles,
how it dries up of the Longing,
of the Meanings,
to which it gave birth,
through the Promises we have made to ourselves,
at defective clock, of evening,
when the inert bodies of falling stars,
of the Dreams,
were falling us into the increasingly blind Glances,
of the Feelings,
which were barely succeeding,
to walk on the more and more deserted streets,
of the Thoughts,
whose steps,

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were stumbling,
in the arms of the increasingly interminable Expectations,
from the ruined railway stations,
of the Hopes sick by the Unfulfillment,
in which we too had fallen,
together with them,
only to ask them for the help of the Illusions of Life and
Death,
to bring us out of the body of Truth,
in which we were,
and to throw us on the shores,
flooded with the wrinkled faces of Tears,
of the Loneliness of this World,
of the Nobody.

Listen to the wilderness and let your Silence cry out,
when it rains torrentially,
with slippery and icy Words,
on the lips increasingly dry of Meanings,
of the Thoughts,
from whose bodies,
Death sculpts,
statues of Love,
which the Illusions of Life and Death admire them,
when they pass in a hurry,
in their ways to the Cathedrals of Pain,
where we were taken to worship,
at the soles of Vanity,
which crushes our Dreams,
until,
from their veins,
the hot blood of the Words comes out,
which it offers,
to the Absurd,

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which sips it noisily,
from the cups of desert,
created by the potter Time,
from the dust in which we have incarnated,
somewhere - sometime,
the Purpose.

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4. Promises undressed of Meanings

Bouquets of withered Thoughts,
want to be offered,
to the only Time,
which seems to have still remained to us,
in the broken pockets of the Dreams.

Are full, the hospices,
of the Hopes,
of, the Words which have gone mad,
since they were forsaken,
by the Truth,
and now,
they patch their shirts of the Dawn,
at the elbows of the Memories,
from the cold and insalubrious stations,
of our homeless Days,
for Love.

Promises undressed of Meanings,
are thrown into the eyes of Tears,
tainted by our vain Expectations,
which trickle down on the faces,
of the ever hotter Regrets,
of the vain Prayers,
of staying together.

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5. On the forehead of a Destiny of the Nobody

The waves of the Feelings,
break the cold and rocky shores,
of the Meanings,
which are collapsing to us,
in the ever darker depths,
from the Souls of Tears,
whose Stone Hearts,
are waiting to be carved,
in your image, Love,
even though they forgot you,
even the Eternities of Moments,
which are wasted in vain,
without you,
at the broken and desolate windows,
of the Immortality,
through which the Truth,
will always hide from us,
without ever looking again,
the Eyes of your Sky,
Happiness,
on whose horizon,
they came to lean,
only the cups of desert,
from which the Pain drinks its Madness,
which helps her,
to crucify us,
on the forehead of a Destiny,
of the Nobody.

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6. We drown our bitterness

We are two Resemblances,
which seem to have forgotten,
the Mirrors,
in the station of the cups of desert,
of the Days with naked and sad eyes,
which beg us new Moments,
without knowing,
that none of us,
we have no longer won any,
since we became the unemployed of the lost Time,
from the open pockets of a Destiny,
disinterested,
by the icons of our Hopes,
full of the saints of Loves,
in whose shop windows,
we would have liked,
to have become,
even the Living Statues,
which, to play the ungrateful role,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in whose whirlpools,
we drown our bitterness,
of own Non-Senses of Existence.

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7. The Time which has still remained to us

I would like to become a Sea of Stars,
to I bathe in the Divine Light,
of the Absolute Truth,
holding me on to the ridge of the wave of Eternity,
from your Eyes,
so that I do not fall,
into the cold and insalubrious depths,
of the Forgetfulness, by ourselves.

I would like to become the Heart of a Mountain,
on whose Feelings you to climb,
until you will reach the top,
where to we embrace the Sky of Words,
endless,
of the Dreams,
on whose wings we to fly,
so far away,
so we can meet again,
our own Stranger of the Subconscious,
whose address we to write down,
once and for all,
in the blood of the Sunrises,
which to wash us the hot foreheads,
of the Eternities of Moments,
under whose roofs, to we hide,
the Time which has stil remained to us,
not swallowed by Death.

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8. In the Illusions of the Life and Death of our Love

It rains with sad and depressed Springs,
in the cups of desert,
of the Dawn of the Nobody,
on which we lean,
the saving Death, by ourselves.

Lightnings with Cemeteries of Words,
on the empty tables,
of the Souls,
from which it has no longer fed,
long before than the Time,
not even a single Hope.

Lost Letters of the Heavens of some Feelings,
are staying at the wrong addresses,
of the Happenings,
which Nobody has ever asked them anymore,
why are they in the Illusions of the Life and Death,
of our Love.

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9. The Bridges that united our beats of Hearts

It's so much Night,
in the sharp shards of the Days,
which I step on accidentally,
hurting my soles of the Hopes,
bloodied by the roars faded of applause,
of a Future of the Nobody,
who no longer wants to tell us Nothing,
deepening in a silence,
of drowned Memories,
in the Abysses of Wanderings,
scattered among the ice flowers,
of the Tombs of the Words in us,
what, they no longer managed to live,
together with the Dreams they embraced to us,
the Bridges that united our beats of Hearts.

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10. The Boundlessness of the Absolute Truth

I write with Clouds,
over the Sky of the Eyes of your Dreams,
which are beginning to snow,
with the War waged by my Heart,
and your Smile,
in which I lose my Breath,
of the Divine Nature of the Soul,
which wants to redeem even now,
from Destiny,
the right to be with you,
in the Boundlessness of the Absolute Truth,
which has been identified,
with your Glance.

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11. The Fire of Words

Leave me the ink of Memories,
to be erased,
from the Letter of your Smile,
now given to the Heart of Wind,
of the Separation,
between the Horizon of a Love,
which I put him to you,
at the soles of Dreams,
and the Thunderstorm of Thoughts,
which flashed me,
with the burning Glances of the Revolt,
of not being me,
the Fire of Words,
which have set fire to,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
showing me a World,
where you no longer existed,
as I thought you were.

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12. On the tables of the bloody Sunsets

No matter how much Wind I would gather,
in the fists of my Thoughts,
it would not be enough,
to drive away, ever,
the steps of the Clouds of Sufferings,
which we climb,
to the Sky of Words,
which turn their backs on us,
tired of our helplessness,
of to give them the Love,
of which they are thirsty,
on the increasingly steep shores,
of a World of the Absurd,
which tears our flesh of Dreams,
on the tables of the bloody Sunsets,
of the Loneliness by ourselves.

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13. On the lake of Hopes

Gates of Tears,
closed with the locks of the Hearts of Ice,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
in which we bury,
the earthly remnants of Love,
alongside which,
we danced,
together with the Eternity of the Moment,
of our Feelings,
the swan dance,
of the Glances,
which we still think are floating,
on the lake of Hopes,
which dried up long before than, the Time,
of a God,
which also existed for us.

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14. We failed to break them

Roots,
of Tears,
tear the rotten flesh,
of the Promises,
into the depths of which we have fallen,
without being able to save us,
by ourselves,
hitting us by the Hearts of Stone,
of the Eternities of Moments,
whose gates were closed,
with the rusty padlocks,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which we failed to break them,
ever,
from our glances.

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15. Since the dirty Fair of the Creation of this World

Deep wrinkles of Feelings,
furnow the flesh of the Glances,
lost in the fangs of the beasts,
of the long and sad Nights,
of the Hopes,
ready to collapse,
under the weight of the Non-Senses of Existence,
which crush them with the soles,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which they lean,
on the roads of no return,
of the Destinies,
which would give anything,
to cling to the Life,
which shows them the Way to the Death,
which they cannot find it,
and they have the impression that they would have lost it,
from us,
those due to her,
since the dirty Fair,
of the Creation of this World.

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16. When the Word on which Love leaned

When,
the black wings of Death,
they will fly over,
my Dreams,
when,
even the roulette of the Non-Senses of Existence,
will no longer show, as being a loser,
a new Homeless Day,
when,
the Word on which Love leaned,
to cross the zebra of the Glances,
in which we were lost,
will have Nothing more to say to us,
then to you know,
that we really got lost,
by ourselves.

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17. Please Vanity

Please Vanity,
let Death,
to washes my face of the Destiny,
with the cold water of Forgetfulness,
by me myself,
which, I feel how is trickling,
on the slab of your Gaze,
the Existence,
on which is carved,
the name of my Guardian Angel,
in whose Heart,
I've always been waiting for you,
Love,
in the long Days and bloodied,
by the hard struggles they were fighting,
with the Lonelinesses of the Sunsets,
the Non-Senses of the Absurd,
from the Souls of the Eternities of Moments,
just as empty,
as I also was,
alongside them.

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18. The Wings of the Illusions of Death

It's snowing with Despairs,
on the lake of sweat,
of the Memories.

The imprisoned Dawn,
awaits its sentence,
of the Dreams,
lost in the Night,
of our own,
Hearts of Ashes,
from which we built,
the Future of Nobody.

The Wings of the Illusions of Death,
they overshadow us the homeless Days,
of the rays of the Divine Light,
from us.

We are continually collapsing,
into the endless abyss,
deeper and deeper,
and cold,
between the beats of our Hearts.

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19. They could no longer rise

When the beasts of the Words of the Night,
lurk us at the intersections,
collapsed,
from the streets of the Hearts,
and we run wounded,
by the Clouds of the Glances,
which have bitten us,
until they broke us,
the bones of the Moments,
which could no longer rise,
from the armchairs of the gnawed Thoughts,
of a Time of Nobody,
at whose roulette we were still playing,
with rigged dice,
of the Distrust,
that dwelt in us,
ready to intervene anytime,
violently,
if it had been discovered.

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20. Until they completely forget about them

Late regrets are lost in the Night,
wandering without a specific address,
through the blood of our Memories,
so tired,
that they renounce to extinguish,
the Sacred Fire of Love,
whose embers,
are still smoldering,
on the foreheads full of sweat,
of the drunk Hopes,
what they usually serve until late,
in the Night from us,
Dreams,
as strong as possible,
which to intoxicate them,
until they completely forget about them.

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21. On the labyrinthine streets of the Despairs

It's so much waste of Eternity,
in the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Tear of the Word,
to which we worshiped,
the lost Dawns,
on the labyrinthine streets,
of the Despairs,
which we never found them again,
no matter how much we searched for them,
along with the Dreams,
which have snowed us with Feelings,
on the increasingly tangled hair,
by the Storms of Thoughts,
in which we got lost for good,
without we ever finding us again.

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22. Know that I am looking for you in every snowflake

Every time,
when it snows with the Eyes of Sky,
of the Eternities of Moments,
which melt,
on the black asphalt of Dreams,
know that I am looking for you,
in every snowflake,
whose Tear of Remembrance,
trickles to me on the forehead,
so alive,
of the Pain,
which burns in the Heart of Ashes,
of my Future,
without you,
Love.

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23. The World of the Spring

The Gods of Memories,
they sip from my Heart of Ashes,
the Tear of the Word,
through which Love was born,
in the World of the Spring,
of your Eyes of Sky,
which is collapsing today,
on the forehead of my Pain,
from which the Eternity,
has made its banner,
which, to always flutter,
on the falling star,
of our Destiny,
which has struck,
shattering by,
the shores of Suffering,
becoming the sand,
of the Eternities of Moment,
which flow today,
into the Hourglass of Remembrance,
through which the Absurd,
weighs his ration of Time,
which he uses,
to feed,
the Vanity.

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24. In the noisy whirlwinds of the Glances

Do not regret, Nothing,
Love,
even if,
the Bones of your Words,
will break,
in the noisy whirlwinds of the Glances,
sharp and empty,
of a Time of Nobody,
which you will have to put on,
on the cold of end of World,
of the Compromises,
made by the Absurd,
to the Vanity,
which sells you,
on the greasy stall,
of the Morale.

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25. Which melt together with us

Black Swans,
of Answers,
sing their Pain,
on the lakes of sweat,
of the Tears,
on which they float depressed,
the Days forsaken,
by the Altars of Truths,
to which we should have worshiped,
the Dreams,
which have lost their Landmarks,
wandering chaotically,
through the Labyrinths of wax,
of the Candles of Memories,
which melt together with us,
Love.

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26. Is only a Free Will

If the wings of the Words,
could take me to you,
leaving this World,
of the Regrets,
I would give everything I have,
what I am or what I will be,
in this Existence of Non-Senses,
where Freedom,
is only a Free Will,
of the Pain,
and the Happiness,
is the padlock that closes them,
in my Soul chained,
by the Illusions of Life and Death

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27. Trying to we win

I always wondered,
what determined Him,
on God,
to dream,
at the dirty Games,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
which we live them,
as being a Reality,
which we need to model,
trying to we win,
the Absurd and the Vanity,
of a World, of Nobody,
for which we are rewarded,
with the Original Sins,
of a Moral,
of the Crime.

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28. The saving Death of Suicide

Horizons scorched by Hopes,
collapsed,
on the Distances of the Pain,
they melt for the sake of the Absurd,
in the shells of the Illusions of Life and Death,
through which it blows,
the Wind of Vanity,
which measures us,
the passage of a Time,
of the Ruin,
on whose wings,
we are compelled by Destiny,
to fly to the saving Death,
of the Suicide.

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29. In the profoundness of their Existential Non-Sense

We live the Mathematics of Pain,
of some Illusions of Life and Death,
which teaches us,
the lesson of the Absurd,
since from birth,
in a World,
of the continuous Compromises,
with ourselves,
which determines us to be as diligent as possible,
with the Vanity,
whose Glances,
we need to know them,
in the profoundness,
of their Existential Non-Sense.

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30. Forest fund

Bridges of roots,
rooted in the oppressive Glances,
of the birds of prey,
of the Night,
whose black wings,
merge,
with the stem of the Tree,
of the Knowledge,
of the Vices,
of the cutter of Days,
with the name of Destiny,
on whose shoulders,
we support the furniture of Hopes,
cut,
from the same forest fund,
of the Thoughts,
which were born,
from the sharp saws of the Moments,
of the Vanity of a World,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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31. The nets of the Vices

The ambitious spiders,
of the Morality,
they roast the flesh of Time,
at the corners of the Compromises,
where they lay their nets of the Vices,
trying to catch,
a Day,
or a Night,
maybe a Love,
which to devour,
with the fangs of wild beasts,
of the Dawn,
just as naked and alone,
as we are,
guarded by the walls of a Future,
which imprisons our Hopes.

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32. The tired Steps of the Dawns

Clouds of Dreams,
are starting to snow heavily,
over the branches of Thoughts,
which strike us the windows of the Glances,
in the noise of a Wind of the Nobody,
what shatters the snow of Memories,
covering our Destiny,
with the cold of end of World,
of a Future of the Nobody,
which envelops us,
the Eternity of the Moment,
shivering and confused,
which does not know where,
to direct,
the tired Steps,
of the Dawns.

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33. A new Beginning

I fall crushed,
by the weight of the Tear
of a Hope,
on the shoulders of Sky,
of the deserted Horizons,
which they sail,
without ceasing,
the ships of the Storms,
of shipwrecked Words,
ready to drown,
hit by the nervous waves,
of the Thoughts,
which break slices of Shores,
from the bread of the hungry and empty Days,
of the Feelings,
which no longer have any Meaning,
through the pockets of Destiny,
with which they can pay,
a new Beginning,
which has become more and more expensive,
and less and less,
to be found.

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34. The fountains of the Feelings bring out only Tears

Exhausted by myself,
I'm heading to Nowhere,
supported by the Word of Creation,
of a World of Nobody.

The fountains of the Feelings,
they bring out only Dry Tears,
from the depths of the Hearts of Ashes,
of the Hopes,
crucified on the Balances,
petrified by Pain,
of the Eternities of Moments,
what, they never knew,
the true Love,
for which they were created.

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35. The Brothel of the Non-Senses of Existence

Spells lost,
on the stalls of the dirty Promises,
of the Empty Days,
from the Deserted Fair,
of our Souls,
where always spoil,
the perishable goods of the Feelings,
more and more deteriorated and sad,
which no Happiness,
never comes,
to appropriate them,
even if it is expected,
alongside the scales of the Pain,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which indicates the exact weight,
of the Sufferings,
regardless of the Time of the Times,
whose Storms of Compromises,
flashed one more Hope
which set fire to,
the Brothel of the Non-Senses of Existence,
where our World was procreated.

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36. Trunks cut off by Questions

The cold gates of the Clouds,
of Memories,
they close behind them,
the Hearts of Ashes,
which have still remained,
from the bodies of the Eternities of Moments killed,
on the battlefields,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where they rattled incessantly,
the swords of Destinies,
which cut us,
the Hopes,
from the roots of the Feelings,
leaving in their place,
only trunks cut off by Questions,
on which seldom sat,
an Answer,
what belonged each time,
to the Absurd.

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37. If we had succeeded to avoid

Masts cut off by Hopes,
they deceive their Dreams,
with Intersections of Good and Evil,
on whose zebras,
we are heading,
towards the Death,
of so many Feelings,
which have longer remained to us,
to burn,
at the Sacred Fire of Love,
at which it came to warm itself,
only the chilled Death,
of the Eternities of Moments killed,
through which any of us,
we could have found again,
the Absolute Truth of Love,
if we had succeeded,
to avoid,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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38. Into the depths of an Incarnation

Open the Window,
to the dazzling Wings,
of the Feelings,
on which to we fly,
up to beyond ourselves,
the fallen,
into the depths of an Incarnation,
of the heavy Lead,
from the Souls of the Dawn of Words,
whose Days, of opaque Meanings,
they hide us behind the curtain of the Suffering,
which we have to interpret,
to the last breath,
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,
of these Non-Senses of Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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39. In the arms of our own Disappointments

I'm waiting,
on the corner of the street of a Destiny,
whose address I lost,
on the Horizon of your Gaze,
which I can no longer find,
in more and more exhausted bodies,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which he addresses to us,
the Absurd of an Existence,
of the Compromises,
with the Prides of a God,
of the Original Sins,
on whose shoulders,
we are never let,
to support the Future,
no matter how hard it is for us,
to we carry him in the arms,
of our own,
Disappointments.

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40. For Eternity

I met you,
under the Sky of Words,
to which they worshiped us,
the Feelings of Spring in us,
where were budding the new Dreams,
of the Happiness,
whose roots,
were deeply rooted,
in the glances,
more and more full of new Horizons,
about which we found out,
finally,
that they were explored by the Death,
to whom they belong,
for Eternity,
which we swore it,
to the Love.

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41. Which have no longer returned

Waves of shards,
sharp and nervous,
are breaking by the ruined cliffs,
of the Heart of the Word,
which I addressed to you,
when our Glances were on fire,
from the Horizons of Lead,
of the Dreams,
which crush us,
the steps of Clouds,
of Heavens,
which we ascend,
toward the guilty Silences,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
toward which we wanted to raise,
the offerings brought to the Questions,
which have no longer returned,
never, at us,
because they no longer had,
what to tell them,
to the Illusions of Death,
which we breathe them,
every Moment,
with the piety brought by the Absurd,
to the Vanity.

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42. The Word of Feeling

The bells of the Storms of Glances,
strike with the tongues of fire of the Words,
the Brass of the Sunset,
of the chipped Heart,
of the Hope,
in the cathedral of which,
we have sheltered,
the Icon of Love,
between the frames of which,
have lived,
our Hearts of Ashes,
to which we prayed daily,
to show us the Way,
to the Salvation from ourselves,
to be able to Love,
with True,
Freedom to be aware,
of, the Absurd in which we have incarnated,
the Word of Feeling.

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43. Those subjected to the Absurd

It rains noisily with Regrets,
over the tangled hair of the Days,
which tremble,
under the broken roof of the Clouds of Dreams,
brought by the Storms of Questions,
which flashed with empty and downcast Glances,
illuminating the dust,
in which God has incarnated its,
our Original Sins,
which we must take care of,
in the garden of the Sufferings of a World,
of the Vanities,
which raise on the foreheads of our Tears,
whole streets of Cathedrals,
of the Pain,
between the Walls of which we are obliged,
to lead the Illusions of Life,
to pray,
to the Illusions of Death,
which promise a better Afterlife,
for those subjected,
to the Absurd,
invested to give meaning to this World.

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**44. Springs abundantly from the body of the Illusion
of Life**

Deep riverbeds,
furrow,
the Wrinkles of the Hopes,
unfulfilled,
of the Dawns,
with the water of which,
Death washes its face of the Tear,
which we drink from the cups of desert,
of the Creation,
of a Word of Genesis,
which it seems to have uttered,
only the Absurd,
what was sitting next to,
a confused God and indifferent,
to, the bitter Destiny,
what was going to swallow a World,
of the Pain,
which springs abundantly,
from the body of the Illusion of Life.

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45. The sharp shards of the Clouds of vain Hopes

I never asked Him,
on God,
why he broke,
the glass Distances of the Serene,
with His Original Sins,
vandalizing the Sky of Dreams,
through whose window,
I could decipher the language of the Stars of Love,
so that to remain in their place,
only the sharp shards,
of the Clouds of vain Hopes,
which hurt our Steps of Love,
every time,
when we want to find again,
the Star that could have guided us,
to new Horizons of the Feelings.

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46. In the notorious neighborhood of the Illusions of Existence

It's raining deaf,
over the cries of the Roots of Memories,
appeared in the Glance of the deserted street,
of the Feelings,
from which the Stations of the Nobody,
have squandered,
the Trains of Moments,
of the Innocence,
which is still waiting,
the Days of Dreams,
which have left her,
on the ruined bridge of Happiness,
which connects,
the banks of the Vanity,
with those of the Absurd,
in the notorious neighborhood,
of the Illusions of Existence.

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47. The shadow of the Absurd

I knock in the gates of the deserted Dawn,
with the strength of the Eternity of Moment,
which you have forsaken,
abducted by the Destiny,
broken from the Paradise of a God,
of the Nobody,
so that to scatter us,
with the shadow of the Absurd,
all that is left,
from the Divine Light,
of the Absolute Truth,
which was still shining,
in our Souls,
which have scorched the Darkness of Loneliness,
Devastating him,
which did not fit,
with the plans of a Creation,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Original Sins.

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48. Which we accept them

Living Wounds of Words,
bleed on the forehead of the Sunsets,
what are lost,
in the long and sad Nights,
of the wild beasts,
of the Forgetfulness,
which devour the Feelings,
which have not closed,
between the cold walls of Loneliness,
which to protect them,
pulling the shutters of Thoughts,
over the dusty Windows of a Future,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which to we accept them,
as being our only Absolute Truth.

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49. Through which our Life is identified

Wandering drops,
on the ribs of the rusty leaves,
of the Sky of Memories,
from the Look of the Deep Autumn,
clothed,
with the Regrets of the lost Light,
of the Troubled Days,
in the whirlwind of Compromises,
with the Illusions of Happiness,
sold more and more expensively,
on the dirty stalls,
of an Existence,
of the Hierarchies of Pain,
through which our Life is identified,
before Death.

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50. As are

Waterfalls of Stars,
they collapse into the Dust of Compromises,
of a Universe of the Absurd,
from whose body,
God has carved,
in His image and likeness,
the Absurd, Vanity and Vaingloriousness,
of some Non-Senses of Existence,
just as frustrated,
and full of revenge,
on, the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
as are,
the storms of our Feelings,
on the Eternity of the Moment,
which they cannot control it,
being compelled to watch,
how it commits suicide,
crushed by the troubled Horizons,
of the Destiny,
of this World.

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51. The prison of our reincarnation

Open to me,
Heavens of Your Eyes,
Lord,
to be able to see with them,
the dazzling glow,
of the Absolute Truth,
which will drive away,
the Darkness,
of my Heart of Ashes,
whose Embers,
have been extinguished,
long before the Time,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which you created them for us,
for to be our guardians,
at the prison of our reincarnation,
in the Earth of the Word of Creation,
whose suffocating dust,
we feel it our whole Existence,
even then,
when we close the Windows of Thoughts,
he enters,
under the frames of the Regrets or Compromises,
regardless of the Time,
which erodes us with its Distances,
the Shores of the Souls.

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52. Without the documents of the Feelings in order

There is Nothing left,
from all the Dreams painted,
with the mascara of the Years,
of Wishes,
which we were arranging,
in the disentangled hair of the Moments,
with which we were leading,
Love,
on the last road,
without us realizing it,
when has visited us,
at the address of the Word,
in which we lived,
and which went mad,
when he found out,
that we have dwelt in his Soul,
without the documents of the Feelings,
in order,
according to the laws of the Illusions of Life and Death,
reason for which,
we were evacuated by Destiny,
in the middle of the Winter of Vanity.

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53. In the Eyes without Regrets

There is so much silence,
in the Eyes without Regrets,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
that only Illusions are heard,
how they tremble,
on the expanses of Pain,
on which Life,
has set its limits,
of the Compromises,
to the silent Death,
of the Deaf Shouts,
in whose bodies,
are ending,
the Eternities of Moments,
which anyway,
they will no longer have, Never,
Nothing to say.

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54. Is the most precious treasure

We are born,
roots of Memories,
which knead,
the dust of the bodies of Dreams,
their whole fleeting Life,
on the face of the Tear of a Word,
in whose Soul,
we reincarnated,
the Being of a Truth,
built just for us,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which are the guardians,
of the Absurd of this World,
paid royally,
with the Compromises,
of a God,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
for which the Pain,
is the most precious treasure,
of our own Destinies,
corrupted to the marrow of bones,
by Death.

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55. Followed us like a guardian Angel

Nothing, from all which are,
for sale,
on the stalls of the Feelings,
of this Life,
do not belong to us,
but to the Death,
to which we are indebted,
with all the Eternities of Moments,
through whose Gates,
we are obliged to pass,
without being allowed we to live,
in none of them,
for to find a roof,
for the Love,
which followed us,
like a guardian Angel,
on which we feel him that he exists,
that he helps us,
but we don't really see him,
never.

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56. The candle holders of the Memories

The ghosts of the Words,
haunt us,
the still life paintings,
of the Meanings,
placed between the deserted frames,
clinging to the stifling Glances,
through which they speak to us,
the Eyes of Smoke,
of the Thoughts,
scattered among the fingers
of the wax Horizons,
which melt,
into the candle holders,
of the Memories,
which have remained from us,
on the seafront of a Time,
whose waves,
they flow us through the veins of the Desert,
boundless,
from our Hearts of Ashes,
which have ceased to beat,
for Love.

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57. In the Memory of Love

The steps of the Night,
are crushed by the Black Thoughts,
of the Dreams,
on whose wings we fly,
above the Broken Hearts,
of the Moments,
which are collapsing inert,
on the foreheads of the Tears,
in the transparency of which,
we would like to wrap the Words,
increasingly opaque and impersonal,
on which not even one Truth,
no longer manages to retain them,
in the Memory of Love.

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58. Endless conversations

The bridges of the palms,
have become too small,
for, the Feelings,
what they want to pass,
beyond the deep lines,
in which is guessed for us,
often the Pain,
by the Future,
which never lets us,
to lean on,
the shoulders of his Days,
gnawed and discolored,
by the ice of the knees,
of our Thoughts,
which covers them,
once fallen,
from the cold lips of the Words,
of an endless Conversation,
between us and God.

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**59. Crushed by the lead of the Despondency and
Despair**

The world is a school of the Pain,
where we are taught,
to run,
from the first steps,
through the stifling dust,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
on which we are compelled,
to do,
holding us by hands,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
until we learn,
fully,
the lesson of the Absurd,
after which we will have to,
to guide, our whole Purpose,
of to be,
the obedient Living Statues,
of the Vanity,
to whom we will have to recite,
the role of Happiness,
every Day,
which we will cross,
crushed by the lead,
of the Despondency and Despair.

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60. Through the cold and insalubrious Hospices

Questions flags,
flutter the faded colors,
of our Hearts of Ashes,
lost in the Eyes of Sky,
of some Words,
which have gone mad,
by the Loneliness of their own Self,
through the cold and insalubrious Hospices,
created and guarded,
by the vagrant Glances,
of the Thoughts,
which shout us deaf,
the Misunderstood Love,
which left with the Train of Moments,
without looking back,
to the embers of the Feelings
which is extinguished, carelessly,
in us.

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61. Is there nothing left?

Is there Nothing left?
from the Hearts of Fire,
of the Words?
in which we hid,
the Shores of the Souls broken,
by the fangs of the wild beasts,
of the Distances,
which have separated us,
circling us,
in the long and inert Nights,
when the Vanities overwhelmed us,
our Feelings,
trying to help the Illusions of Existence,
hitting us with the Steps of the Wanderings,
the hot foreheads of the Tears,
which were fighting,
with the cold and aggressive Storms,
of the Alienation of Self,
which Death always sent them,
to knock at the gates of our Days,
because we were always indebted to her,
with our Eternity of Moment,
from which there is really Nothing left?

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62. We have carved Hearts of Questions

We photographed our Words,
in the autumnal setting of the Memories,
from whose Souls, we have carved,
Hearts of Questions,
whose Answers,
are still awaited today,
among the Illusions of Happiness,
ready to flood us like then,
the long Nights of Thoughts,
in which we are awakened by,
the wild beasts of Remorses,
whose massive fangs of Regrets,
bite violently,
from the hot bodies of Tears,
in whose blood we still wash,
the wounded soles of Destiny,
under whose umbrella,
we are running, somewhere -sometime.

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63. In His Divine language

The same Dawns of the Loneliness,
the same Curses,
always uttered by,
the Non-Senses of Existence,
alienate us from ourselves.

And it snows with Pain,
over the fairytale landscapes,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of a World,
which was not created,
never,
for us,
by a Word of Creation,
which we will never be able to understand,
no matter how many foreign languages we learn,
at the School of lost Souls,
of Paradise,
from the Altars of the great cathedrals,
of a God,
who did not want to teach us,
how to say Love,
Happiness or Truth,
in His Divine language.

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64. An Endlessness of Darkness

When I asked for Forgiveness,
God,
I got the ropes,
with which to hang our Dreams,
on the deserted and sad streets,
of the Glances of some Saints,
who have lived through the forsaken icons,
of our Hearts of Ashes,
between the frames of which,
they prayed incessantly,
to You Lord,
to give us,
a shred of Light of the Love,
from Your body,
about which they told us,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
that it would be blinding,
otherwise we wouldn't have found out what it looks like,
and we received,
an Endlessness of Darkness,
on which we do not know,
if we will ever be able to traverse it,
to we get to ask you,
why all of these?,
wasn't it better if we didn't exist,
so painful?

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65. Which roam us the Heavens of Words

Peeled Questions,
lie on the dusty roads,
of the Hopes,
trampled,
by the heavy and dirty boots,
of the Lead Clouds,
of the Compromises,
which roam us,
the Heavens of Words,
carved by Death,
to beautify with them,
the World of Illusions of Existence,
received as a gift from a God,
who played our Happiness,
at the roulette of the Pain,
at a Price that crucified us,
on Nothing,
the Love,
on the Dark vault of Sacrifices,
becoming,
Falling Stars.

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66. The dust of the Falling Stars settles in abundance

The Guardian Angels,
have floated,
on the Lakes of sweat,
springing from the Memories,
which long before the Times,
no longer find,
the Peace of the Souls,
of the Wax Words,
of the Candles of Hopes,
which we have come to utter to us
and which melt,
in, the palms of the Feelings of the Nobody,
on whose foreheads of Tears,
settles in abundance,
the dust of the Falling Stars,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
at the soles of which,
our Destinies worship.

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67. Love has become a Myth

On the cold foreheads,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
Love has become a Myth,
which No One is allowed,
to deconstructuralize it,
from the connotations of Sacredness,
given by a God of Nobody,
to His own Self,
which necessarily wants to be, the Love,
without which we could not love,
in a World of Vanity,
where the Absurd,
is the one who decides,
The Illusion of Happiness.

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68. The Hearts of Desert of the Tears

Lead Stations,
are crushing our Expectations,
which are collapsing,
deeper and deeper,
in the Souls of the Words,
unspoken yet,
which break,
in shards of Meanings,
in which we cut,
our own Boundlessness of the Glances,
in crumbs of falling stars,
which feed the birds of prey,
of the endless Nights,
from the Forgetting,
Unforgivable,
where we got stuck,
the Hearts of Desert of the Tears,
stolen by the Storm of Vanities,
from which we took refuge,
at the soles of Helplessness,
of to Meet again,
with ourselves,
the Absent ones,
from the own Future,
of the Illusions of Happiness.

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69. The Daily Prison with the name of Body

Wings fed on Death,
they overshadow us the Escape from ourselves,
those behind the roots of Hopes,
which are facing,
the Dust of our own Incarnations,
whose bars,
are the Illusions of Life and Death,
sustained by the guardian,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
which do not let us pass,
beyond the gloomy walls,
of the Absurd and the Vanity,
which lead us,
the Daily Prison,
with the name of Body.

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70. The Law of the Absurd and Vanity

Surely,
that when God,
created this World,
from His Dream,
had a Nightmare,
of which he no longer wants to remember,
and that is why,
he left her,
giving her as a gift to Death,
what she left in her turn,
the guidance of our own,
Non-Senses of Existence,
of the Illusions of Life,
which in turn have made,
the Law,
of the Absurd and Vanity,
which we are obliged to obey,
each of us.

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71. Has never seen

Nervous waves of Regrets,
break the shores of Remembrance,
which are collapsing into the Ocean of Pain,
of a Destiny of the Absurd,
from which the Illusions of Life,
they bake their bread,
that of all Days without Shelter,
of the Vanities,
of this World,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
who sleep on the pillow of Good and Evil,
of a Knowledge,
that has never seen what it looks like,
at face,
the Absolute Truth.

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72. Indebted with all the Time

Stifling and sad smoke,
bites the flesh of Regrets,
scattered among the fingers,
of the Heart of Ashes,
of the Future of the Nobody,
on whose wings we fly,
toward the Death,
to which we are indebted,
with all the Time,
which we have gathered,
within the walls of the Illusions of our Life,
what they gave us the Freedom,
of to be constrained,
between the limits,
of our own Compromises,
with the Absurd.

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73. On the stage of the limits

The applause,
cold and sad,
of the Vanities,
break the deaf Echoes,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
in the play without a name,
of the Illusions of Life,
which we play incessantly,
on the stage of the limits,
between Birth and Death,
at the Absurd Theater of Vanity,
of to climb the steps,
more and more gnawed and insecure,
of a Hierarchy,
of the illogical and incoherent Paradoxes,
of the Consumer Society,
which consumes us,
every moment received by Death,
as a gift from Life.

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74. They shelter Expectations

Lost train stations,
in the suffocating dust,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
they shelter Expectations,
gnawed by the Absurd,
which travels without a specific goal,
with the trains of Feelings,
which will Never arrive again,
at the broken windows,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from whose shards,
we have built empires,
of Vanities of Pain.

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75. Know that we love

When the Clouds of the Heart,
they will give us,
the Bouquets of the Flowers of Tears,
of the Dawn,
when the Nights will place their hair,
dark and tangled,
of the Dreams,
on the pillow of Loneliness,
and the beasts of Thoughts,
they will attack us
the Moments,
what will seem endless,
trying to find their peace,
in the hot arms,
of the Feelings,
then know that we love.

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76. Clouds of Meanings

You wrote to me,
with Clouds of Meanings,
placed between two beats,
of Hearts, of Ashes,
springing from the extinguished Embers,
of some Memories,
whose addresses have remained,
at the numbers of the same Spring,
of yesteryear,
which have rusted,
long before than the Times,
where are flying now,
the Wings of other Moments,
of another Time,
which are complaining,
that they are too dusty,
by the Winds of Vanity,
which lead toward heights,
the Dust of past Dreams,
which have been,
somewhere, sometime,
Love.

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77. What is the address of Love ?

I've been looking for you,
knocking on the gates of the Moments,
from behind which,
from where,
Nobody answered me,
when I asked,
about your Star,
which collapsed,
on the vault of Time,
of a vain Hope,
from which I believed,
that, we can build Together,
the Eternity of the Moment,
in the decomposed shadow of Dreams,
which were later imprisoned,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
behind the cold bars,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
just because they would have offered us help,
when we asked them,
what is the address of Love ?,
on which the World in which we were born,
had lost her.

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Sorin Cerin



Known As
Philosopher, Logician, Essayist, Poet

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Born:

November, 25, 1963, Baia Mare, Romania

Works:

Sorin Cerin: The Coaxialism-Final edition, Wisdom Collection - 16.777 Philosophical Aphorisms, The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics, The Coaxiological Logic, The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence, The Future of Artificial Intelligence etc.

Notable ideas

The Coaxialism, Wisdom Collection, The Coaxiological Logic, The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics, The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence

Sorin Cerin [s'ɔ:ɪn s'ɛɪn], [s'ɔ:ɪn s'ɛɪn], [s'ɔ:ɪ_n s'ɛɪ_n] born **Sorin Hodorogea** (*born November 25, 1963, Baia Mare, Romania*) is a Romanian Philosopher and Logician, creator of **The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism**, Essayist and Author of the monumental work entitled **Wisdom Collection**, considered one of the most prominent thinkers of the gnomic genre in the world also a remarkable Existentialist Poet of the 21st century and Novelist of **Balkan** and **Greek** origin. Sorin Cerin is an existentialist poet whose existentialist philosophical poems are quoted by specialists alongside philosophers, poets and existentialist authors such as Friedrich Nietzsche, Martin Heidegger, Jean-Paul Sartre or Søren Kierkegaard but also the author of a new philosophical system called **Coaxialism**. Sorin Cerin is especially sought after by the general public, among existentialist poets and philosophers, both for his existentialist philosophical poems that focus mainly on Love, Existence, Illusion, Absurd or Death, and for philosophical aphorism, structured in several volumes, and previously published in various publishing houses, to be later reunited under the aegis of a single monumental volume, entitled **Wisdom Collection**. This title first

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appeared in 2009, which together with the future editions of Sorin Cerin's **Wisdom Collections** from the following years, brought him fame and international recognition, for which, Sorin Cerin, is considered to be one of the most representative existentialist philosophers and poets, but, also author of wisdom, author of philosophical aphorisms or thinker of the sapiential genre, worldwide. The themes of **Wisdom Collection** are varied, depending on each volume that composes it. Among the favorite themes of the Wisdom Collection, we can list: Immortality, Death, Illusion and Reality, Wisdom, Illumination, the Sin, Paradise and Inferno, Vanity, etc. It is worth mentioning, for example, that out of the 22 volumes of philosophical aphorisms that cover the 2020 edition of the **Wisdom Collection**, 6 volumes are dedicated to Artificial Intelligence and especially to the developers of Artificial Intelligence. Many philosophical aphorisms from **Wisdom Collection** are selected in various publications or prestigious anthologies of the world. The entire philosophical work that forms **The Coaxialism**, from certain stages of its conception, but also the aphoristic works from the **Wisdom Collection**, from certain stages of their conception, were reunited in other collections of philosophical-religious works, much wider, combining philosophical studies with philosophical aphorisms, such as collection entitled **Bible of the Light**. In 2014 Sorin Cerin published the book entitled **The Illuminati Bible**, which is a continuation of his first book **Bible of the Light**, to which new volumes of aphorisms are added, namely, **Illumination aphorisms**, **The Sin aphorisms**, **Paradise and Inferno aphorisms**, **Freedom - aphorisms**, etc. In 2021, appears **Illuminati Bible of Divine Light** which is the most complete version of previous bibles about which Sorin Cerin states that is an ontological and gnoseological philosophical work but also the fact that **philosophy is the**

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religion of the future. The first part of **Illuminati Bible of Divine Light**, consists of the whole book entitled **Sorin Cerin: The Coaxialism - Final edition** and the second part of the book is made up of **Wisdom Collection** with its **16,777 philosophical aphorisms**. Sorin Cerin defines the term of **Coaxiological Psychology** as a result of the development of **The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** whose foundation is based on transcendental numbers and functions, on **Coaxiological Logic** but also on the principles of **Coaxialism. Coaxiological Psychology** being not only the future psychology in the sense of Sorin Cerin, which will be applicable to the human being but also to **Artificial Intelligence**. Sorin Cerin is a member of the Society of French Poets (Société des poètes français) the oldest and most prestigious poetry society in France based in Paris, and also of the Society of Poets and Artists of France. (Société des poètes et artistes de France)

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Biography

Early Life

In 1963, in November, on the 25th, Sorin Hodorogea, the future philosopher and poet **Sorin Cerin**, was born in Baia Mare, Maramureș county, Romania. He spent the first years of his childhood at the Parish of his grandfather who was a priest in Săuca, Satu Mare County, where the child Sorin Hodorogea also graduated the first primary class. The building of that parish is also the house where the Hungarian writer Ferenc Kölcsey grew up. After that, his grandfather moved to Baia Mare, where Sorin Hodorogea attended general school no. 6 in Baia Mare and Gheorghe Sincai High School. In the first years of general school, Sorin Hodorogea is passionate about model aircraft, obtaining numerous awards with different classes of ,model aircraft. After finishing high school, he moved to Bucharest, the capital of Romania, where he attended the Aldo Moro Institute of Italian Language and Culture. In 1987 he married the lawyer Mariana Cerin , then a student,

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and agreed to take her name Cerin. He motivates this gesture by the fact that he used the name Cerin as a literary pseudonym long before. The name Cerin taken in 1987 became from a literary pseudonym the official name worn in the identity documents of Sorin Cerin. About this aspect Sorin Cerin state in the biographical notes at the foot of his book: Let's dance love - Philosophical poem, pages 128-142, to biographical notes.

Revolution and Exile

Sorin Cerin takes part in the Romanian Revolution of 1989, which finds him in Bucharest. In those hot days, he joined the democratic forces fighting the communist dictatorships. Sorin Cerin becomes editor of, the daily Dreptatea (Justice), a newspaper that the fight against the members of the former Communist dictatorship that did not want to lose its privileges. The headquarters of this newspaper was devastated several times by security agents disguised as miners who in those turbulent years after the Romanian Revolution tried to restore the old dictatorship. In 1990, due to the former members of Ceausescu's Securitate who put him his life in danger, being threatened several times with death, Sorin Cerin chose the path of exile and took refuge in the United States, where he applied for political asylum, which was granted in New York City in 1990. In the United States, Sorin Cerin lives in several cities, such as New York City, north of Brooklyn, on Metropolitan Avenue, in Las Vegas, Nevada or Dallas, Texas. In 1997 he returned to Romania, believing that the old communist structures were no longer so influential, but he was wrong, because he chose to leave Romania again, but this time as a press correspondent for Australia. In Australia, Sorin Cerin lives in Melbourne and Brisbane. While Sorin Cerin broadcast news about the former members of the Romanian Securitate who were dealing with drug trafficking in Melbourne at the time, Sorin Cerin is threatened with

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death, a fact recorded by the newspaper Ziua, under the title: **The correspondent of the newspaper Ziua from Australia is threatened with death by Romanian ambassador to Australia.** Sorin Cerin transmitted for the first time from Australia, news about the former members of the Securitate of the dictatorial regime of Nicolae Ceausescu who were dealing at that time with the abusive sale of the largest gold deposit in Eastern Europe that belonged to Romania, the one from Roșia Montană or with drug trafficking., Romania's ambassador to Australia at the time, Ioan Gâf Deac the one who threatened Sorin Cerin with death, was part of the former Securitate. of Nicolae Ceaușescu. Due to these incidents, the respective ambassador was fired, always trying to take revenge on Sorin Cerin through various traitors employees of the Romanian secret services. In 2000, Sorin Cerin married the engineer Dana Cristina Gorincioiu. Starting with the year 2000, Sorin Cerin dedicates himself entirely to literature and later to philosophy, leaving journalism forever. However, political forces loyal to the old communist dictatorship have always harassed Sorin Cerin, including on the English Wikipedia, or Romanian Wikipedia, using as intermediaries various users, traitors of the Romanian secret services working undercover on Wikipedia. **These are the reasons why is Sorin Cerin censored by Wikipedia.**

Censorship and Discrimination

Sorin Cerin is considered by specialists as one of the most important poets and philosophers of Romanian origin, in the most prestigious cultural publications is banned on Wikipedia. From 2006 until now, the article Sorin Cerin is restricted, being banned on English Wikipedia. No one can ask for the recovery of this article, only administrators can do this. Although in these many years Sorin Cerin's notability has increased

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considerably through the countless reviews published in the most prestigious publications and signed by the most important specialists in the field. The recovery of Sorin Cerin's article is protected from so-called vandalism. In fact, it is a disguised way of not letting users demand the recovery of the article on the grounds that Sorin Cerin is long the most notable writer in Romania. We are talking about recovery because in 2006 the article Sorin Cerin was deleted for unrealistic reasons of notability by some Romanian users, who hated Sorin Cerin, while collaborating on the English Wikipedia. Immediately after the onerous deletion made by the Romanians, on the English Wikipedia, **the article was urgently replaced by American users on the grounds that it turned out that the article meets all the conditions of notability.** Less than a week after recovery of the article Sorin Cerin on the English Wikipedia, an American user Jmabel who posted photos with him on the streets of Romania, who writes on his user page about his stay in Romania, immediately requested the deletion of the article Sorin Cerin and the placing of this article under the interdiction of being able to be recreated. Thus, for many years, this article is banned and cannot be recreated by users. Ambassador Ioan Gaf Deac's people, traitors to the Romanian secret services, also misled users of other wikipedias in other languages. Thus, they managed to deceive the users of the wikipedias in French, German, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian and others, that the article Sorin Cerin from their wikipedias would be spam and therefore had to be deleted. This lie bore fruit, though the truth was quite different.

Books about Wikipedia signed by Sorin Cerin

Sorin Cerin considered in his books dedicated to Wikipedia and entitled, the first book: Procesul Wikipedia- Drepturile Omului, Serviciile Secrete si Justitia in Romania (The Wikipedia Process - Human Rights, Secret Services and

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Justice in Romania) and the second book: Wikipedia: Pseudo- encyclopedia of the lie, censorship and misinformation, that the Wikipedia project is wonderful only that it can be perceived by certain interest groups in a weapon contrary to the causes for which it was created. **Sorin Cerin shows in his two books about Wikipedia the way in which the traitors of the Romanian secret services, who cannot accept the alliance with Nato and the United States, perverted the true purposes for which Wikipedia was created.** Sorin Cerin was among the initiators who refounded a democratic party in Romania, which did not agree with the communist doctrine, communist secret services in Romania, called Securitate, who were later re-employed in Romania's new Secret Services. after the December 1989 Revolution. These members of the Romanian Secret Service never accepted the fact that Sorin Cerin was among the initiators who refounded a democratic party in Romania, which did not agree with the communist doctrine, based on dictatorship. That is why they did not accept that Sorin Cerin be seen by the general public at his true value, all those who would have wanted to request the recovery of the article Sorin Cerin, although they would have had every reason to prove their notability, could do nothing because the article Sorin Cerin is forbidden to be recovered. Even the author Sorin Cerin has written and published dozens of books, even if dozens of literary critics, specialists have written about his work, even if all these are new things compared to the known ones. in 2006, anyone trying to recover the Sorin Cerin article is stopped from recreation, on the grounds that the Sorin Cerin article is protected from vandalism. In fact, protection against so-called vandalism is vandalism in itself, an ugly censorship that was once practiced in the darkest dictatorships of mankind.

Academic Recognition

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In the field of philosophical aphorisms

Sorin Cerin debuted at the **Paco publishing house** in Bucharest, in 2003 with the novel *Destiny*, a traditional publishing house to which he remained faithful for many years, and to which he would publish both his philosophical studies and several volumes of philosophical poetry, as well as his first volumes. of aphorisms. In 2009 Sorin Cerin published at the prestigious **Eminescu publishing house** also a traditional publishing house, the first edition of the famous **Wisdom Collection**. All this time, in parallel, Sorin Cerin publishes in the United States, in English translation, a large part of these books. After the publication of the first edition of the **Wisdom Collection**, important personalities of Romanian culture wrote about it, such as philosophy PhD Professor **Gheorghe Vladutescu** from the **University of Bucharest**, who is also a member of the **Romanian Academy**, which mentioned in *Literary Destiny* from Canada pages 26 and 27, nr.8, December 2009, *Oglinda literară* (Literary Mirror) nr.97, January 2010, page 5296 that: "**Sapiential literature has a history perhaps as old writing itself. Not only in the Middle Ancient, but in ancient Greece "wise men" were chosen as apoftegmatic (sententiar) constitute, easily memorable, to do, which is traditionally called the ancient Greeks, Paideia, education of the soul for one's training. And in Romanian culture is rich tradition. Mr. Sorin Cerin is part of it doing a remarkable work of all. Quotes - focuses his reflections of life and cultural experience and its overflow the shares of others. All those who will open this book of teaching, like any good book, it will reward them by participation in wisdom, good thought of reading them.**" . end quote.

PhD Professor **Ion Dodu Balan**, an important literary critic, former dean of the literature department of the **University of Bucharest**. In his review, from the *Literary Mirror*

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(Oglinda Literara) no. 88, Romanian North Star (Luceafarul Romanaesc), April 2009, and Literary Destinies (Destine Literare), Canada, April - May, page.14-15, **Ion Dodu Balan**, mentioned that: "**Standing in front of such a creation, we owe it to establish some hues, to give the genre her place in history.** " after that Ion Dodu Balan compares Sorin Cerin with important names of universal culture. Among these we mention: **Homer, Marcus Aurelius, François de La Rochefoucauld, Baltasar Gracian, Arthur Schopenhauer** and many others, while in Romanian literature since the chroniclers of the XVII and XVIII century, to **Anton Pann, Constantin Negruzzi, Mihai Eminescu, Nicolae Iorga, Garabet Ibrăileanu, Lucian Blaga and George Călinescu.** In 2020 the **Bulgarian Sveta na Knigite publishing house** .he will translate and publish the **Wisdom Collection** by Sorin Cerin, under the title **Антология на Мъдростта. Афоризми (Anthology of Wisdom. Aphorisms)** by Sorin Cerin, proving once again the recognition of his work internationally.

In the field of philosophical studies

In the philosophical field, **PhD Henrieta Anisoara Serban** researcher at the Institute of Philosophy of the **Romanian Academy**, writes a detailed review of the **Coaxialism**, as Sorin Cerin's philosophical system is called. **Henrieta Anisoara Serban** remarks about the **Coaxialism**, in the year 2007, that: "**This book represents an audacious contribution to contemporary philosophy. Not a mere synthesis.....**" end quote.

Professor Theodor Codreanu published in the magazine **Oglinda literara nr.167, pages 11283**-the article entitled **Dualism as a temptation of rationalism.** dedicates to Sorin Cerin's philosophical system but also to his aphoristic work, which he claims would contain aphorisms that will face time, an article that PhD Professor **Theodor**

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Codreanu will develop in his book entitled **Anamorphoses**, published in 2017 by Scara publishing house in Bucharest, pages 130-147, ISBN, 978-606-94011-9-4., a recognized academic work, where an entire book chapter is dedicated to **Sorin Cerin**. **Theodor Codreanu** remarks about the Coaxialism that: " ... **the Coaxialism seems to be bordering on paradoxism, but it is much more than that, approaching, rather, the dualistic philosophical and religious systems, culminating in Gnosticism and, at first sight, in Cartesian rationalism...**" end quote.

In the field of philosophical poetry

In 2015, eLiteratura publishing house, another prestigious publishing house in Romania, published five new volumes of philosophical poetry for Sorin Cerin, books edited by the publisher Vasile Poenaru, within a project developed by the Writers' Union of Romania. Regarding the poetic work also worth mentioning are the Professors Alexandru Cistelean, considered the most important contemporary critic for poetry by the other literary critics of Romania. PhD **Alexandru Cistelean** at the **Petru Maior University of Târgu Mureș** considers under the title, **Between reflection and attitude** in the Familia (magazine)nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, **that for almost centuries Romanian literary critics say that philosophical poetry is very difficult to achieve and that many have tried in Romanian literature to write philosophical poetry in vain because they failed, but Sorin Cerin is the only one who has successfully succeeded, being for the first time in Romanian literature when philosophical poetry is truly a success. For this reason Sorin Cerin is a unique top, which can hardly be matched,**because says Alexandru Cistelean:".One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind

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of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality. Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by **Titu Maiorescu**, to **Panait Cerna**, about "**philosophical poetry**," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual. Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies. Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat. " end the quote.

We must also remember the PhD Professor from **Babeş-Bolyai University in Cluj-Napoca**, **Ştefan Borbély**, who considers in Romanian magazine **Contemporanul (The Contemporary)**, no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, **Gnoses of Sorin Cerin** that: "Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of an **autarchic system** having as its origin **Manichaeism**, and that the poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and **the Absurd**), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of **the Absolute**." end the quote.

Definitely worth mentioning as well the PhD Professor **Elvira Sorohan** from **Alexandru Ioan Cuza University**, which attributes the literary work of Sorin Cerin as belonging to existentialism, in the review of *Convorbiri Literare* (Literary Talks) in the September 2015 issue, pages 25-28, entitled: **An Existentialist Poet of the 21st**

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Century. Professor Elvira Sorohan in the **article An existentialist poet from the 21st century** published in *Convorbiri Literare* (Literary Talks), refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România Literară* (Literary Romania) where it is specified what is the true, brilliant poetry, the great poetry which the poets of the last century covet. **Elvira Sorohan stated in the article written by her that only Sorin Cerin fully managed this to create the great and brilliant poetry called, Trans-poetry. Moreover, Elvira Sorohan mention that Sorin Cerin does not lack the inspiration coveted by other poets who should follow his path.** Many others Professors from different Universities, such as Maria-Ana Tupan, which said that: "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays". Many other professors, prestigious literary critics have written about Sorin Cerin. Among them would be: Cornel Ungureanu, Mircea Muthu, Ion Vlad etc.

Sorin Cerin's works has been reviewed in the most prestigious publications of Romania, such as **Contemporanul , Convorbiri Literare or Familia** (magazine), but also in publications published in other countries or continents, such as the cultural magazine **Destine literare (Literary Destinies) which appears in the United States and Canada**, where Sorin Cerin is published in each issue of the magazine, in series, starting with issue 8 and ending with issue 4 only to appear sporadically in the other issues such as in the April - May issue 5 of the magazine Sorin Cerin is also published in the prestigious multilingual culture magazine that appears in France, entitled, **Levure Literaire**

In 2021 the French publishing house **Stellamaris** publishes in France the collection of poems signed by Sorin Cerin,

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which is entitled: **Le non-sens de l'existence et de l'éternité** (The Non-Sense of Existence and Eternity)
This collection, appreciated by French literary critics as a success. The literary critic who signs with the pseudonym **LivresdAvril** points out in the prestigious French publication **Babelio** of October 17, 2021 under the title **The Nonsense of Existence and Eternity by Sorin Cerin**, that, I quote: Thank you Editions Stellamaris and La Masse Critique for sending this book. Immersing yourself in a collection of contemporary poetry is a bit like watching a Dogme95 movie after you're tired of success. In short, it hits (often) and surprises (always). In "The Nonsense of Existence and Eternity", the Romanian poet Sorin Cerin tries to put in each poem all his existentialist philosophy, to reconcile the ephemeral and eternity. If this book will not reconcile those who are angry with poetry, it has a special music, a unity of tone (with a recurring lexical field: "illusions of life and death", "cemeteries of words", etc.), as if the poems they would answer each other, where each was an echo of the previous one. If the texts are sometimes with hidden meanings (with the impression that some are part of automatic writing), dark or political (sharp spikes against the excesses of consumer society), Sorin Cerin fortunately leaves little hope in the second part. I end the quote.[130]
The Nonsense of Existence and Eternity contains a number of 154 philosophical poems, which in turn made up two collections of philosophical poems that appeared in Romania and the United States entitled, **The Non-Sense of Existence - Philosophical poems** and **I Believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems**.
Starting with 2020, Sorin Cerin became a philosopher in the school curriculum, becoming the subject of exams for students.

As a result of recognizing his work, in 2020 Sorin Cerin is admitted as a member **of the Society of French Writers**

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(**Société des poètes français**), the most prestigious and oldest poetry society in France.

Critical references about Coaxialism

Specialists have written many reviews **about Sorin Cerin's philosophical system entitled Coaxialism**. Among them are the review signed by **Henrieta Anisoara Șerban**, researcher at the Institute of Philosophy of the Romanian Academy and that of Professor **Theodor Codreanu**.

Henrieta Anisoara Șerban remarks in the year 2007, that: "**This book represents an audacious contribution to contemporary philosophy. Not a mere synthesis**, the volume brings to the fore a original vision concerning the truth (and the illusion), the absolut and the life, into the philosophical conversation of humanity. "What else are we, but a mad dream of an angel, taken up with himself, lost somewhere within the hierarchy of numerology?" (p.5), asks the author, triggering a captivating odyssey, with an opening towards the philosophy of conscience, contextualism and mind philosophy, that is relevant for the critique of the representationalism and postmodernism. Coaxialism is structured in 11 chapters. They may be interpreted in triads.

Therefore, the first three chapters could stand as an introduction to the thematic realm of coaxiology. The first chapter is concerned with "The purpose, the hierarchy, the birth of numerology and of the Primordial Factor ONE", the second chapter treats "The Instinct, the Matrix, the Order and Disorder, the Dogma", and the third chapter "The State of the fact, the Opened Knowledge and the Closed Knowledge, the Coaxialism and the Coaxiology". Then, the next triad would be constituted by the interpretation of three aspects related to human exemplarity, via the chapters entitled "The Print and the Karmic Print, the Geniality", "Love or the individual Conscience of the Human Being" and "Consciousness or

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the knowledge in Coaxiology”. And, the last triad, say, of a semantical and hermeneutical nature, approaches “Reflections on philosophy, the Alien within the Being, the Dimension of Life”, “The Semantical Coaxiology” and “The Semantical Truth, the Semantical Knowledge, the Semantical Mirror and the Reason of Creation”. The tenth chapter, named “Semantical Ontology, Neoontology, and Coaxiology, the Semantical Structuring of Our Matrix”, capitalizes on the ideas from the preceeding philosophical architecture. Eventually, the last chapter offers specific mathematical moddels of the ideas and concepts that are exposed within the book, along with the relationships among them. In an architecture of philosophical ideas with influences from **Arthur Schopenhauer**, **Friedrich Nietzsche** and **Ludwig Wittgenstein**, the author states the principles of what he labels as the “coaxialism”: 1. The only true philosophy is the one accepting that Man does neither know the Truth, and implicitly, nor philosophy, 2. Man shall never neither know the Absolute Truth nor the Absolute Knowledge, for his entire existence is based on the Illusion of Life, 3. Any philosophical system or philosopher pretending that he or she speaks the Truth is a liar, 4. The Coaxialism is, by excellence, a philosophy that does NOT pretend that it speaks the Truth, yet accepting certain applications sustaining the reference of the Illusion of Life to the Truth, 5. The Essence of the Truth consists in its reflection in the Elements appeared before it, as there are the elements of the Opened Knowledge deriving from the Current Situation, 6. The Coaxialism accepts the operations with the opposites of the opposites of the Existence, with or without a compulsory reference to such opposites, determining the coaxiology, 7. Each Antithetical has, to the Infinity, another Antithetical, which is identical to it, 8. The farther is an Antithetical situated, that is the more opposites are

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intercalated (between itself and its Antithetical), the more accentuated the similarities, and the less opposites are intercalated between the two Elements, the more accentuated the dissimilarities, 9. As well as we can conceive Universes without a corresponding substrate into the Existence, we can conceive Knowledge without a corresponding substrate into the essence, that is, without a subject, 10. The Factor is going to be always the opposite of the infinity to which it would relate as a finite quantity, the same way as the Knowledge relates to the lack of knowledge, and Life, to Death. Within a Coaxial perspective, the Factor shall be an equivalent to God, the Unique Creator, and yet Aleatory in relationship with its worlds 11. Within the Worlds of each Creator, unique and Aleatory Factor are to be reflected all the other Creators, all the unique and Aleatory Factors, as numbers, starting from ONE, that is the Primordial Factor, all the way to the Infinite minus ONE Factors of Creation, all Unique and Aleatory. (p.5-7) Certainly, someone may ask how is such a unitary cuantics going to be sustained? But to rise seriously such a question would mean to miss the point that here we have mathematical metaphors, suggestive models, and not a calculus leading to the Metaphysical Truth (which would at the same time contradict the very coaxiological principles). The bounty of capital letters and underlining in the text speak volumes of the American experience of the author, emphasising as well, with a certain irony, the endeavour to capture meaning, the thirst for absolute, for perfection, for the Truth and for the pure idea, central to all philosophies. Thus, given the following quote, I can at once offer exemplification for the above observation and clarify a column-idea of this intriguing work: “The Coaxiology is a philosophy capable of determining in depth the importance of the Factor (...) – which is also a number, I have to note, among other aspects it provided. It is produced by the

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Essence of an Element of the Matrix Status Quo, or by the Instinct. (...) The Factor is going to be the demiurge who, via his own capacity of consciousness should include in himself always new and newer Elements of the Closed Knowledge, also assessing, though, without knowing them into detail, Elements of the Opened Knowledge. (...) Man is such a Factor despite the fact that he is situated hierarchically much lower in comparison to the Great Creators.” (p.51-2) The author explains the coaxial (and eventually, structuralist) manner to investigate the world, as a paradoxical mix of good and evil, divine and demonic, humane and rational, a mix giving birth to the Illusion of Life and being sustained, grace of a feed-back, precisely by this Illusion of Life. (P.53 sq.) “Don’t you know that only in the lakes with muddy bottom the water-lily blossom?” was asking, the 20th century Romanian philosopher, **Lucian Blaga**, rhetorically, and already “coaxial”. The philosophical poetry of Mihai Eminescu is consecrated to the illusion of life. It reflects, as an illustration, in the poem “Floare albastr?” (“Blue Flower”, a Romantic motive, and yet, a coaxial motive, that appears within the German literature, at **Novalis**, or at **Leopardi**) the paradoxical marriage of the infinite with the wishes. This is a metaphor for the paradoxical marriage between the philosophical Knowledge, aiming at the absolute and the terrestrial Knowledge, through love, afflicting human’s heart, as a creative factor, stimulated by affection. As well as in his literature, Sorin Cerin accomplishes to express himself capitalizing at once the universal philosophy and on the great Romanian philosophical successes. For example, as she turns the pages of the book, the reader may have glimpses of Arthur Schopenhauer’s philosophy – let us recall that the human being, as a knowing subject, knows himself as a subject, endowed with a will and that he cannot become pure subject of knowledge unless his will vanishes,

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in order to eliminate the reference to what one can wish in relationship with the knowledge, since the representation is maimed by desire (The World as Will and Representation). The book sends to Nietzsche's philosophy – see for instance the idea that “The apparent world is the only True one; the ‘real’ world is sheer lie”, from The Twilight of the Idols, ch. 3, aphorism 2. A more sensitive reader would find analogies with the philosophy of Emil Cioran, in The Trouble with Being Born. Coaxialism may recall **Ludwig Wittgenstein** II in that philosophy represents the (re)organisation of what we have always known, while language is to be considered an “activity”, a “game” framed into certain “forms of life”, a summation of different phenomena, maybe related to one another, but in very different manners. As for the “Truth” one may associate the following suggestive line from the Philosophical Investigations, Oxford, 1953, 9, § 68: the strength of the thread does not rely in the fact that each fibre goes from end to end but in the overlapping of many fibres. At the same time, the idea of a creative factor “struggling” with the world to draw forth only partial and paradoxical Truths has from the very beginning strong echoes with the philosophy of mystery, as it appears within the work of **Lucian Blaga**. A similar analogy may be made with the figure of the “ironist” (proposed by **Richard Rorty**), at her turn, “struggling” with the world, in order to educate herself into the various vocabularies (read “parallel cultural realities”). The comparison with Lucian Blaga does not stop here, the researcher connoisseur identifying avenues of investigation towards the “Luciferic” versus “Paradisic” Knowledge dichotomy, in analogy with the closed – opened Knowledge, with the Matrix, with the creative factor, etc. The work is also remarkable given its distinct literary qualities, the intriguing specific philosophical language developed in close relationship to the literary

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print, a distinguishing note for an interesting philosophical debut"

In 2015, **Professor Theodor Codreanu** published in the magazine **Oglinda literara nr.167, pages 11283-11285**, the article entitled Dualism as a temptation of rationalism. This article is developed in his book, entitled **Anamorphoses**, published in 2017 by Scara publishing house in Bucharest, pages 130-147, ISBN, 978-606-94011-9-4. Scara publishing house belonging to the Romanian Orthodox Church, BOR. In this study **Theodor Codreanu** claims that the entire structure of Sorin Cerin's literary work is based on the following aspects of the study, where I quote an excerpt from the study: "for me to reread the Essential Thoughts and to seek the clarification of the invasion of antitheses from aphorisms, reaching the "philosophical system" of Sorin Cerin from the volume **Coaxialism, Coaxiology, Numerology, Neoontology and Neognoseology (Paco Publishing House, Bucharest, 2007)**. This book explains the whole structure of Sorin Cerin's belletristic and aphoristic work. **The author's originality deserves a discussion, knowingly, beyond the impressionist reactions that the author has been diligently looking for in order to legitimize his entry into the Romanian and European cultural and literary canon.** In the pages dedicated to genius, Sorin Cerin considers that genius is not the work of education, of erudition, but of the Primordial Instinct, so that Coaxialism was born from such a beginning, putting in parentheses almost everything that was said in philosophy up to him, focusing on the Original Thought. In other words, to think through yourself, without sources, without erudition. Eminescu himself appreciated the old books for a similar reason. Consequently, Sorin Cerin eliminates intertextuality, his references to other philosophical or thinking systems being rare (Nicolai Hartmann, mentioned

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with the "operational ontology", Friedrich Nietzsche, in the matter of the Will, Albert Einstein for the introduction of relativism; the Bible, insofar as, it could support his ideas, etc.). Of course, there is a romantic pride hidden here (as an assumption of one's own genius!), that could evoke a form of individual narcissism on which, ultimately, the "neo-ontology" and "neognoseology" to which it aims. It is not missing from arsenal, the double-romantic, with the obsession of the stranger in us, whom Man has the emancipatory task of discovering, knowing and living in harmony / love with him, so that only then, will the human individual free himself from the God of religions, including from that of Christianity. Moreover, only then will his thinking become coaxial.[,,,,,], **Sorin Cerin's philosophical discourse, really interesting, often profound, deserving to attract the attention of the fellow guild members.** [,,,,,], I categorized Sorin Cerin's philosophical, aphoristic and aesthetic discourse as paradoxist. The paradoxism (whose six manifestos were written by Florentin Smarandache), was intended to be, an avant-garde current, to undermine the literature of the old regime, in the '80s, based on the technique of antitheses, paradoxes, oxymoron, etc., with certain cynical / kynical finalities. A variant of paradoxism was cultivated and theorized by Ion Pachia Tatomirescu, but in contrast with Florentin Smarandache, confirming Sorin Cerin's theory of opposites. **Coaxialism seems to be bordering on paradoxism, but it is much more than that, approaching, rather, the dualistic philosophical and religious systems, culminating in Gnosticism and, at first sight, in Cartesian rationalism.** Also, René Descartes, who wanted to be a faithful defender of Catholicism, has been accused of "atheism" and a forerunner of modern European Anthropocentrism. It is, after all, the danger to which any dualism is exposed, so

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that rationalism risks becoming "mysticism", leading to the utopias of modernity and postmodernity retouched monistic. In the vicinity of Christianity (or parallel to it), dualism took the most eloquent form in Manichaeism (Mani, 216 - 277, AD, being proclaimed by followers "the new Jesus") and Bogomilism (the Slavic Bulgarian version of Christianity, among 950- 1396, Gnostic form of Orthodoxy, with elements of survival in Cathars and Albigensians). **The antitheses concerned human thought (mythical, religious, philosophical, etc.) from the "beginnings", each thinker, philosophical system, religion trying to solve them in their own way. Sorin Cerin is also trying to find a solution of his own, relying only on his own thought and risking either to rediscover the wheel, either having the good fortune to bring something new. His starting point is "postmodernist," apparently at least under the sign of a radical nihilism: "Nothing is True. Everything is a dream. Reality does not exist [,] as there is no life or death but their Illusion. " (Coaxialism, p. 4). We encounter a first illusion of self-centered thinking, because the author repeats, in his own terms, Nietzsche's famous statement: There are no facts, only interpretations, a phrase that has become the bible of the philosophizing and of the theory of the postmodern history Agnosticism, according to which pure reason has access, only to the phenomenon, never to the noumenon. And yet Sorin Cerin's "interpretation" refers rather to the agnosticism of Immanuel Kant according to whom pure reason has access only to the phenomenon, never to the noumenon. The latter is to be recognized in the phrase Absolute Truth, opposed to the Illusions of Life, to which he recognizes the status of applications to the truth, but, paradoxically, as a lie characteristic of the human being: " Why are they all a lie? Because Man is a lie of**

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the nature of the Factor who conceived him. " (p. 9). And man is called a lie because he forgets " ,completely the true meaning of life [which] is to love" (p. 9). The Creator Factor (renaming the Creator transshipped in the language of political correctness !?), admits the author, is love, man forgetting this, although he is destined, by birth, to happiness. The lies, the Illusions of Life (why does Mr. Cerin forget to assimilate or distinguish them from the Indian Maya, where the opposition between samsara and nirvana ends in the emblematic formula: "everything is the suffering, everything is untruth"?), which are the very condition of human existence, are condemned to throw man into bivalent logic, of level 2, as he calls it, so that everything belonging to the sphere of Closed Knowledge is nourished from antitheses. From now on, among many other things, the author could have invoked the Hegelian tradition of solving antitheses by synthesis or that of Eminescu (the antitheses are life in, the hypostases, of the monstrous or reconciliation), continuing with the transfigured antinomies of Blaga, with Lupascian opposites solved at the level to the third matter (state T), but he prefers an boundless dualism, subject to Hierarchy: "Every Opposite has at Infinity another Opposite identical with it." (p. 5). The wording seems a contradiction in terms (another farce played by language?), because it is not, however, about the symmetry of parity, but the one of contrast, both being caught merging and breaking, numerologically: successively multiplied opposites tend towards resemblance (coincidentia oppositorum, from Cusanus reading?) the farther away they are one (point of departure) from the other (point of arrival); inversely, the contrast is maximum in the case of immediate opposites, of maximum proximity. Opposites thus unfold numerologically, between infinity and 0 / nothing, without 0 ever being reached. In the vast level of the Illusions of Life there can be no

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question of knowledge (the Truth cannot be known), but only of awareness: "Awareness is the Trace in which the Form of Knowledge will be poured, with the help of a Element-Mirror." (p. 21). We can ask ourselves again if Sorin Cerin's Trace has tangents with the trace / archi-trace of Jacques Derrida. We do not know. In any case, knowledge through the mirror is aware of the Ego (Person), that stranger we carry in us and from whom Sorin Cerin expects the return to the Primordial Instinct as love, through the Creator Factor that lies in every human being. Do we enter, willingly or unwillingly, into the space of Freudian libido, taken over by the Freudo-Marxist revolution of political correctness? Probably, if we follow the aphorism "The history of mankind was written by sex." (Essential thoughts, Paco Publishing House, Bucharest, 2013, p. 134). Hard to say again. Instinct is defined by the author as "the first image of Order" (Coaxialism, p. 27), so of Hierarchy, the entropy being the reverse of Instinct. The author speaks of Matrix and Purpose, our universe being self-caused: "in the beginning it was the effect of its own cause" (p. 30), which determines him not to believe in the popular Big Bang theory, because, it would be the product of Logical Coefficient 2 (p. 28). But his whole construction is based on bivalent logic, which throws us into a labyrinth of the contradictions. Is it an exhortation not to give credence to one's own construct? The precautionary measure comes from the fact that he does not assimilate his philosophy in search of the Absolute Truth: "Any philosophical system or philosopher who claims to tell the truth is a liar." (p. 4). Without seeking the truth, coaxialism believes in finding only the axis between antitheses that would ontologically legitimize both antitheses (neo-ontology). We would be deluded if we thought that Sorin Cerin is approaching the transdisciplinary method, looking for the point between two levels of Reality, beyond good

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and evil, as Nietzsche would say. His philosophy is meant to be a kind of secular, numerological monotheism, like the one God of the Old Testament, but paradoxically, dualistic, because God without the Devil does not exist! This hybrid could be included in the monist-dualistic category named by Ioan Petru Culianu. (Cf. *The Dualist Gnosés of the West*, translated from French, by Tereza Culianu-Petrescu, second ed., Polirom Publishing House, Iași, 2002, p. 20). Coaxiology is called the science of opposites (p. 46), and Coaxialism - "a new philosophy that superimposes Knowledge on the substratum that belonged to Existence by attributing it to other opposites of it [,] but also to Existence implicitly." (p. 45). One is the Creator Factor who gives birth to its Opposite, that is, God on, the Devil. Number One is the Instinct "which is in Everything and in All" (p. 34). Absolute Truth is related to Open Knowledge to which Closed Knowledge of people does not have access. There would be, according to the model of the Creator Factor, innumerable Creators, consonant with what Blaga called the creative destiny of man. And in Sorin Cerin's thinking there is a lot of talk about destiny. Every Great Creator and Unique Incidentally, has an open knowledge (the Absolute Truth) and a closed one, subject to the lie, to the Illusions of Life. Like the postmoderns, Sorin Cerin claims that, in his system, the traditional ontology is abandoned, "it loses absolutely any status, but all these opposites are coaxial, ie they have a common axis having a common denominator in the idea of substratum, whether it is mental or of any other nature." (p. 47). In fact, by coaxial, the author understands the ontological equality of opposites, on the numerological background of the One, that dualistic monism that Ioan Petru Culianu was talking about. His God is dyadic, not Trinitarian, as in Christianity. The numerical identity of opposites (infinite on the scale of logical levels) is always "an infinity minus One", "we being

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at Level 2 of Logic" (p. 49). I think that this is the inevitable risk of Sorin Cerin's neo-ontology: the reduction of man, implicitly of divinity, at the level of bivalent logic. Being a Cartesian, he conceives a doimic God, totally ignoring that God is Trinity. Hence the devastating temptation to put the Devil on the same level as God, falling back into a Gnostic heresy of the kind of Bogomilism or Manichaeism. This is despite the fact that Sorin Cerin tries to distinguish between Satan and the Devil, although he constantly mixes them, as products, ultimately, by man. Rationalists easily slide into either deism or anthropocentric neo-humanism, with tendency to deny religions, as happens to Sorin Cerin. "

end quote.

The Coaxialism: Philosophical system of Sorin Cerin

The Principles of the Coaxialism

The principles of Coaxialism are published starting with page 13 of the book: Sorin Cerin: **The Coaxialism - Final Edition**.

1. The only true philosophy is the one accepting that Man does neither know the Truth, and implicitly, nor philosophy.
2. Man shall never neither know the Absolute Truth nor the Absolute Knowledge because his entire existence is based on the Illusion of Life.
3. Any philosophical system or philosopher which will pretend that says the Truth is liar.
4. The Coaxialism is, by excellence, the philosophy that does NOT pretend that it speaks the Truth, yet that accepts applications which sustain the reporting of the Illusion of Life to the Truth.
5. The Essence of the Truth consists in its reflection at the Elements appeared before its, as are those of Open Knowledge coming from the State of Fact.

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6. The Coaxialism accepts operation with the opposites of the opposites of the Existence, with or without to be necessary the reporting to it, determining the Coaxiology.
7. Each Opposite has at Infinite another Opposite identical to it.
8. With as, an Opposite, is farther, so, between it and the Element opposable are inserted a larger number of opposites, with so the similarities between them will be more pronounced, and, with as, the number of opposites intercalated between the two Elements, will be smaller, with so, the contrasts between them will be more pronounced.
9. How can we speak of Universes without substrate in Existence, we can speak of the Knowledge without substrate in essence, hence, without subject.
10. The factor will always be the opposite of the infinity, face to which it will report as finite, just as the Knowledge is reported to the Un-knowledge, and the life to Death. In understanding coaxial, the Factor will be equivalent to God, the Unique Creator but and, by chance, face of his worlds.
11. In the worlds of each Creator Factor and Unique by Chance it will reflect all other Creator Factors and Unique by Chance under form of numbers, from ONE, which is the Primordial Factor, up to an infinite minus ONE of the Creator Factors and Unique Chance.
12. The Principles of the state of Conception become implicitly the Principles of the state of Conception of Coaxialism, becoming, and the continuation of the Principles of Coaxialism, which pass the frontier of the Infinite Semantic Mirror of Knowledge.
Thus God is the state of Conception that possesses the Deistic Domain.
13. Any Happening becomes Non-incidentally, if another precedes it.

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14. A Happening can not occur, than once through a single Event.
15. The Happening Incidentally, or the Incidentally is the Creation, attributed only to Creators Factors. Thus Numerology is Creation.
16. Creation occurs only once through Happening, being everywhere in Knowledge.
17. All that follows after the Incidentally (Creation) is the Non-incidentally Happening.
18. The Happening that has a precedent in Creation becomes Non-incidentally, being: Destiny.
19. Once with Destiny, the state of Conception delimits from its Creation, becoming the "Infinite Continuum" from Creation and not the one before Creation, thus God is over the Everything and Nowhere, being through Creation and to those before Creation the one that determines among others and the Destiny known by the Primordial Element of Knowledge from always and before the Everything for to be Primordial Element the Knowledge, Word and Symbol in the Everything - Endless, a cause of the Contradiction, which will determine among others from the Infinite: the Creation or the antechamber of Destiny. Creation does not obey to Destiny, being only once, a Happening Incidentally, while Destiny is subject to Creation being a Happening Non-incidentally. Any Happening in Knowledge becomes Incidentally (Creation) if it has no precedent and Non-incidentally (Destiny), if it has precedent. Any Happening as a Primordial Element can not be than only one, a Single Word from the Universal Pure Language, which can be neither Incidentally and nor Non-incidentally, because it is not subordinated or reflected in some way or another in the Primordial Element of Knowledge, becoming only the Primordial Element of Happening.
20. The God of Man is the Common Element that gave him his appearance, just as the God of other beings are their

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Common Elements. All these Common Elements of Beings are Typological compared to the Primordial Element of Knowledge, because their Primordial Elements (the Self of Beings) are Neotypological compared to the Primordial Element of Knowledge in the whose worlds are reflected and thus the reflection is made only through a Common Element, which becomes Typological and intermediate at the same time compared to the other two Primordial Elements, of Knowledge and of the Self which are Neotypological between them.

21. The God of Man or of Beings is reflected in the worlds of Creation of the Primordial Factor, of the Creator Factors and Unique Incidentally and of our Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally which by his creative essence becomes the Creator in the worlds where the God of the each Being in part (the Common Element) reflects his own its Typology. Thus God reaches us through the Creation of our Creator Factor as a Creator God, without Man being able to concretely discern his Typological connection with Creation, the God of Man superimposes on the Creator Factor becoming God of Man the Creator Factor which also gives meaning to human typology through Creation. The Creation occurring only once, what follows it is nothing but a glimpse of one portion or another of this Creation through the Infinite Mirror of Knowledge and implicitly of the Illusion given by it. Creation once Created will make room for Destiny, which can not Create than show (reflect, mirror, awareness or discern) the Creation through one way or another.

22. At the origin of Everything will be the First Analogy: Any Primordial Element is always located IN Infinity and never IN its exterior, because if we assign to the Primordial Infinite the notion of Everything, and only from this point of view, never, a Primordial Element will not be able to be outside of the Everything through which and this one is

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ultimately identified. Thus appears the First Analogy or the Analogy of the Everything. Thus, each Primordial Element will have to be found or to be in All the Other Primordial Elements, even if there are Neotypologies between them, the reflection will be done through a Common Primordial Element that will have a double quality of Typology compared to the two Neotypological Elements between them. Only the Typological Elements between them, can be found some in others.

23. Each Primordial Element is a Word that has a Meaning and Symbol of its, which is reflected as it is in the case of the Knowledge which is also such a Word, or is found, in the case when the Knowledge does not interpose, within other and other Meanings and Symbols, forming the Universal Pure Consciousness built on the Words of Universal Pure Language.

24. Universal Pure Consciousness has no connection in any possible or impossible form with Logic, the latter being a simple instrument used by the Illusion of Knowledge, therefore Universal Pure Consciousness is not based on Logic in any form and nor on Knowledge except in the extent to which this is a simple Primordial Element, hence, a simple Word, from the infinity of Words of Universal Pure Language.

25. At the origin of Everything seen only and only through the prism of Knowledge, follows two other Analogies which are: The Second Analogy or the Analogy of Knowledge, where in this Everything, appears the Semantic, Neosemantic and Periodic as a result of the Lack from Semantic, which from the point of view of Knowledge keeps place of Everything. It is valid only within the Primordial Element of Knowledge. Third Analogy The third analogy is the Analogy of the Denunciation of Predestination, which implies the succession of Events and of course the Event-Phenomenon

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duplex. These three Analogies are the engine that leads to the development of all the Universes of Knowledge, they being followed by an infinity of other and other Analogies, but reported to other levels from a structural point of view. And this one is valid only within the Primordial Element of Knowledge.

26. The rule of Analogies is: An Analogy always determines it and unconditionally on other, to infinity, structuring the Infinite. At the origin of Everything but only and only from the point of view of Knowledge, there is the Rule of the three Analogies, namely: An Analogy always determines it and unconditionally on other, to infinity, structuring the Infinite, which is defined through the three Analogies, through Everything, Semantic, Neosemantic, Periodic and Denunciation, and, the Denunciation Predestins the Everything in the Mirror of Knowledge, reflecting the Elements of Knowledge from Before It! The Infinite in the Knowledge always appears in the form of Mirror of the Infinite. The Infinite outside the Knowledge is totally different from the one within it, because it no longer has only the characteristics: Semantic, Neosemantic or Periodic, but also others.

27. At the origin of Everything will always be Everything from the back of Everything, because Everything cannot be Endless, like the Endless cannot be Everything, but precisely the Everything- Endless determines the Contradiction.

28. The contradiction, Everything -Infinite, is at the base of the "Infinite Continuum".

29. The characteristics of the "Infinite Continuum" are the basis of the Everything and All. These are: Asymptotic Function, Landmark of Negation, Structuralization and Undefinedness.

30. The characteristics of the State of Conception will always be the same with the characteristics of the "Infinite

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Continuum" and of the Primordial Elements, which by the reflection of these into each other, determine new and new characteristics, such as within the Primordial Element of Knowledge, the Semantic (the Semantic Mirror of the Infinite), the Neosemantic or the Periodic.

31. The words of the Universal Pure Language can be reflected and KNOWN through our Matrix which is the Matrix of the Primordial Element of the Knowledge which and She is in turn a Word from this Universal Pure Language.

32. If the Words of the Universal Pure Language which are and Primordial Elements and Matrices at the same time, would NOT be Known through Our Matrix of the Word and the Primordial Element of Knowledge, so Our Matrix would NO longer be the source of these Words independent of her, not created by it, I repeat, the source term indicates only the way through which these words come and not what namely create them, these would no longer belong to the Universal Pure Language given by this Matrix of Knowledge. Language is an appanage of the Knowledge. Thus the Universal Pure Language seen through the other Matrices-Words-Elements Primordial may no longer be perceived in quality by Universal Pure Language, but Matrix Forms of Expression. These Matrix Forms of Expression are the equivalent of Universal Pure Language but seen through the medium of another Word of this Universal Pure Language, different from the Word - Knowledge.

33. The Matrix Forms of Expression, similar to Universal Pure Language have the same provenance characteristics, referring to the four basic characteristics of the the Everything- Endless, encompass the same EXPRESSION (Universal Pure Consciousness or State of Conception) in their totality, so the terminology of Universal Pure Language can be used further, and on that of Matrix Forms

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of Expression only when a clear distinction has to be made between the Word- Knowledge as a Primordial Element and its Matrix development and the other Matrices or Words of Universal Pure Language. I have stated that every Creator Factor is a Word of this Universal Pure Language. So it is, just that it is a Word of the Universal Pure Language in and through the medium of the KNOWLEDGE which is not the same with a Primordial Element, because within the Our Matrix only the Knowledge is the Unique Primordial Element, in fact being precisely Our Matrix, which develops in her turn the Instinct, the Absolute Truth and the "Ego" of the Primordial Factor. The Creator Factors are the Totality of Universal Pure Language seen through the Word -Knowledge, from within this Universal Pure Language, thus the Creator Factors do not have the same Symbol and Meaning with the one of the Words of the Universal Pure Language, on which represent them by their reflection in the "Ego" of the Creator Factor, because one it is the Meaning and Symbol of the Word of the Universal Pure Language reflected through the medium of a Matrix (WORD), others are reflected through other Matrices (WORDS), and others are their Meanings and Symbols in themselves, unreflected and indeterminate by any other Matrix (Word).

34. The Universal Pure Language is divided into two major groups, namely, in the Matrix Forms of Expression, that is the Universal Pure Language where the Words are Primordial Elements, which define in their entirety the Expression, or the Universal Pure Consciousness defined as the State of Conception, and among these Words is also the Knowledge.

35. The second group is the Matrix Universal Pure Language where each Matrix in part, being a Word and a Primordial Element of the Matrix Forms of Expression develops within them their own Universal Pure Language,

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as a result of interdependence with the other Words of the Matrix Forms of Expression. Thus within Our Matrix, which is the Word- Knowledge, the Matrix Forms of Expression receive the name of Universal Pure Language, and its Words are found within our Matrix which is, the Word-Knowledge and the Primordial Element-Knowledge, in various hypostasis, depending on how they interact due to the First Analogy with Our Matrix, developing other and other Analogies.

36. The Semantic, the Neosemantic and the Periodic, implicitly the Lack regarded as the motor of the Word (Primordial Element, Matrix) of Knowledge is nothing more than part from the Matrix Universal Pure Language, of the Knowledge. The Semantics, the Neosemantic and the Periodic through the Lack generated by the interdependence between them achieves nothing but a development within the Matrix of the Word-Knowledge, even though these are "before" the Purpose, the Instinct and the Absolute Truth, they are in fact the essence of Our Matrix, which is the Matrix of Knowledge, and the Meanings of each, in part, as well as the symbols of each, in part, respectively, Semantic, Neosemantic, Periodic and Lack, taken as Words of Universal Pure Language regarded as Matrix Forms of expression are totally different from what we have established through and in Knowledge. The Provenance or Origin from the perspective of Our Matrix which is precisely its Origin, consists precisely in the essence of this Matrix, or of this Word which is composed of Semantic, Neosemantic, Periodic and Lack, which gives this Matrix, its own motor of self-determination in its quality of Knowledge.

37. Through the interdependence of Our Matrix with the Word -Creation, the Primordial Factor, finds in its "Ego" all the Words of what Knowledge defines the Matrix Forms of Expression as being Universal Language. Within other

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Matrices, (Words, Primordial Elements) the Universal Pure Language can be defined quite differently from how the Word-Matrix -Primordial Element defines it: the Knowledge.All the Words of the Universal Pure Language seen through Knowledge are Matrix Forms of Expression because their totality involves the Expression, which is at the same time and the Universal Pure Consciousness as well as the State of Conception.Why does the same thing have three names?Normally it would be a single name for to simplify the so complicated process which we are discussing.The cause consists precisely in the plurality of the meanings that it has from certain points of view, both the Expression and the Universal Pure Consciousness or the State of Conception.From the point of view of the Expression, there is the significance of enunciation, which becomes implicitly and the Universal Pure Consciousness where its significance acquires other valences, such as those of Self-Personalization of the Everything -Conscious upon its Endless, of self-determination of the Endless - Finished indeterminant, etc., which in their turn, they define the State of Conception.

Mathematical representation of Coaxialism

The mathematical representation of Sorin Cerin's philosophical system is reproduced starting with the tenth chapter, page 146 of the book entitled Sorin Cerin: The Philosophical Works of Coaxialism - 2020 Reference Edition . This is the most recent edition of the book that first appeared in 2007 in Bucharest, Romania. The graphic representations are on pages 163, 167, 168 and 169 of the same book. These graphical representations are described in detail in Chapter 11 of this book, entitled Geometric and Mathematical Representation, which begins on page 155. An excerpt from chapter 11:and 12: " The Absolute Truth and Absolute Knowledge being the same for each Infinite in part, positives for the positive Infinite, and, negatives for

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the negative Infinite, if, and only if, One of these will always be opposite to the other one. It means that the rapport between Absolute Truth, Absolute Knowledge and Creator Factor and Unique by Chance, will be, in the case of positives Universes:

$[(+1)(+1) \text{ Absolute Truth}](\infty-1) = (+2) (\infty-1)$ and
for the negative ones:

$[(-1) + (-1) \text{ Absolute knowledge}](\infty+1) = (-2) (\infty+1).$

As you can see, $(\infty - 1)$ and $(\infty + 1)$, show us, how the Creator Factor it decreases from each Infinite, on himself with a unit 1, for him determine as finite.

So, the basic rapport, valid both for the negatives infinities as and for the positives ones, becomes:

$(2) (\infty - 1) / (-2) (\infty+1)$

Rapport mathematical which in the logic of your world, may not have a result due to the infinite, thus becoming an undetermined function, where, 2, as I said, represents the sum of the two integers that are Absolute Truth and Absolute Knowledge. Thus, we will have the rapport between the two Integers:

$(-2) / (+2) = (-1)$ or $(+6) / (-6) = (-1),$

for all the six Multiuniverses. If we will assign to the value (-1) a point on the three axes X, Y, Z which tend to minus infinite, as in (Figure 5), and them we unite, we will get a triangle. As each MultiUniverses is symmetrical with its opposites, will obtained at the level of value 1, from the positive part, the same triangle. If we will unite the sides of respective triangles, the result will be a tetrahedron, ie a polyhedron with triangular bases, believed to be the simplest polyhedron by the binary logic. This tetrahedron is the Sacred Triangular Prism of MultiUniverses of the 6 Pyramid, the place of the Spirituality of Paradise, in which is the Harmonic State of the Personalization of the Existence, see (Figure 5). Because there are six Pyramids in Cube, where each one in part is a MultiUniverse, and

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Sacred Triangular Prism is between values (+1) and (-1) of the 6 Pyramids, where every Pyramid in part is positioned on the three axes, of the three-dimensionality, X, Y, Z, so, of the Logic Coefficient 2, projected in three-dimensionality, means that each Pyramid, will have her half, from the Sacred Triangular Prism."

The Basics of the Coaxiological Logic and principles of Logical Function

The Principles of Coaxiological Logic called and Logical Function or "Logical Continuum" are as follows:

The first principle of the Logical Function is:"The Tangentiability of Logical Function defines the "Logical Continuum" formed from the "Infinite Continuum" but and from the Unique Expression of Universal Pure Consciousness, thus is redefined compared to the asymptotism of Intangible Forms, and "the Infinite Continuum", includes the Universal Pure Language.Tangentiability is the one underlying the Coaxiological Logic, removing asymptotism, respective the Asymptotic Function, as the basis of the All, and transforming her into an annex left by Intangible Forms in this All.Thus, through Tangentiability, have resulted common points, and any axiom, characteristic or expression can become at any time a principle of the Logical Function, how any principle can become an axiom, characteristic or expression, because all are one, and one, all, and by principle in Coaxialism is understood a sense that guides this philosophy. "

The second principle of the Logical Function is:"Determination of the parallelism between principles and characteristics, because the characteristics become principles and the principles, characteristics, but also in, to determine the accumulation of other functions within them, making them essential and becoming their essence."

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The third principle of Logical Function is:"The Logical Function is responsible for determining, but and for defining through it itself of the Coaxiological Truth."

The fourth principle is:"The relativity and complementarity of the Logical Function is defined through the Coaxiological Truth."

The fifth principle of the Logical Function is:"The Coaxiological Truth, which belongs to the Logical Function, is a Relative Truth, Neosemiotic, Substitutive, Motivating and Complementary, and it is defined in its totality by the Logical Function, without the Logical Function being defined in its totality through the Coaxiological Truth.")

The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics

Sorin Cerin uses in his books, **Sorin Cerin:The Coaxialism - Final Edition** (pag.110) as well as in, **The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** (pag.9) the term Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics, which he defines as follows:

"Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics gives each number not only an abstract identity, but, a living one, due to the Imprint that each Number leaves, both in our surrounding Universe and in other Universes, whether they are parallel or not. This Imprint is due to the fact that each Number in turn represents a Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally, which represents the meaning of a certain Word therefore Understood, which in turn is part of the Universal Pure Language. The totality of the Words from the Universal Pure Language, constitutes the Unique Expression of the Universal Consciousness. These Imprints can be identified, to some extent, by Transcendental Numbers or by Transcendental Functions which prove that certain values cannot be changed to obtain some ideational representations, such as the example circle, whose coordinates are definitively influenced by the

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transcendental number π (Pi), i.e. 3.14. In the future, surely many Transcendental Numbers will be discovered that will help Mankind to identify through Mathematics not only abstract representations, but even states of soul. Each Number represents a different identity depending on the Universe in which it is located. In the essence of each Number is the Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally which governs it, essence that defines the soul of the respective Number, that is of the Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally that represents the Number in question. **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** is the one that defines the processes, of the Universal Pure Language, whose Words, in turn, are each, in part, the expression of a Creator Factor and Unique Incidentally, that is, of a Number, whose totality, defines the Universal Unique Consciousness. Through **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics**, the science of mathematics becomes from an abstract discipline, a living one, which receives soul, which in turn gives to mathematics and a humanistic side. Thanks to **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** in the future we will be able to talk and about a mathematics of spiritual feelings, such as Religion, Love, Hate, Happiness, Sadness, Pain, Pride, Courage, etc. Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics will be able to solve many mysteries of the human soul in the future, being the only link that can build a bridge between us and the Truth that is so Unknown to us because everything we live and feel is due to the Illusion of Life. **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** will be the literature of the future of Artificial Intelligence. At the basis of **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** is Semantic Coaxiology, but also Coaxiological Logic, these fields of Coaxialism. Transcendental numbers, such as the number π (Pi), for example, prove to us concretely that **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** exists by the

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fact that there is a link of concrete causality between the geometrical representation of the circle and the transcendental number π (Pi). The number π (Pi), can never be, neither smaller, but nor larger than 3.14 to become operational in the calculations related to the circle. While the circle is a geometric figure that has an active role in human knowledge and feeling. Here is one of the links that proves to us that **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** exists and that it only needs to be developed. Through my philosophical works I have tried to lay the foundations of what **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** means from a philosophical point of view and how it can be determined. The principles of my philosophical system called **Coaxialism** as well as those of **Coaxiological Logic** are in law and de facto in turn the basic principles of **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics**. **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** is a bridge between us, who are lost in the Illusions of Life, without knowing the Absolute Truth. In transcendental reality there are an infinity of transcendental numbers, only we cannot know yet. There are an infinity of transcendental numbers, because there are an infinity of geometric shapes. Each geometric shape must have a transcendental number that can recognize their characteristics. The transcendental numbers that are revealed to us are just some of their infinity, which would exist in reality. Every object, thing, phenomenon or physico-chemical process that surrounds us is the work of transcendental numbers, which one day we will discover with the help of Artificial Intelligence. Only then will we be able to talk about **Coaxiological Psychology**, the one which will become the basic branch of **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics**. **Thus, by definition, Coaxiological Psychology is the field of psychology that deals with those forms of**

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cognitive, affective and volitional embodied by transcendental numbers and functions as products of Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics based on the principles of Coaxialism and Coaxiological Logic.

Even a poem or a song will be understood through transcendental numbers and **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics**. The time will come when the letters that make up literary pages can be replaced with numbers, which we will understand and feel same like some words, only that for this we will have to develop our own brain on another level. A thing that is possible with the help of Artificial Intelligence. In the future, Transcendental Functions and Transcendental Numbers will be the ones that will form the backbone of **Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics** in relation to the process of Knowledge, a field that will have to be developed, especially by Artificial Intelligence. What is known so far about these **Transcendental Functions**, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, is that, I quote: “ In mathematics, a **transcendental function** is an analytic function that does not satisfy a polynomial equation, in contrast to an algebraic function In other words, a **transcendental function** "transcends" algebra in that it cannot be expressed in terms of a finite sequence of the algebraic operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, raising to a power, and root extraction” end quote. Examples of transcendental functions include the exponential function, the logarithm, and the trigonometric functions...." end quote.

Criticism of the work of philosophical aphorisms

One of the most prestigious and selective Romanian publishing house Eminescu in the Library of Philosophy published in autumn 2009 its entire sapiential works including all volumes of aphorisms published before and

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other volumes that have not seen the light to that date, in Romanian language. All the volumes in this edition of the collection of wisdom add up to a number of 7012 aphorisms. In this book appear for the first time works of aphorisms: Wisdom, Passion, Illusion and reality and revised editions: Revelations December 21, 2012, Immortality and Learn to die. Gheorghe Vladutescu. Professor at the University of Bucharest. member of the Romanian Academy, he mentioned that, I quote: "Sapiential literature has a history perhaps as old writing itself. Not only in the Middle Ancient, but in ancient Greece "wise men" were chosen as apoftegmatic (sententiar) constitute, easily memorable, to do, which is traditionally called the ancient Greeks, Paideia, education of the soul for one's training. And in Romanian culture is rich tradition. Mr. Sorin Cerin is part of it doing a remarkable work of all. Quotes - focuses his reflections of life and cultural experience and its overflow the shares of others. All those who will open this book of teaching, like any good book, it will reward them by participation in wisdom, good thought of reading them" This consideration about cerinian sapiential works appeared in: Literary Destiny from Canada pages 26 and 27, nr.8, December 2009, Oglinda literară (Literary Mirror) nr.97, January 2010, page 5296

In 2014, the entire aphoristic work of the author until then is published, under the title of Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, a collection containing 11486 aphorisms previously published in 14 volumes, included in that publication. This work, published in 2014 in Romanian and English, containing 14 volumes of aphorisms published before 2014 and at other publishers. This book was partially translated in 2020, and in Bulgarian by Sveta na Knigite publishing house. Thus, Collection of Wisdom - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, published in 2014 is

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published in Bulgaria in 2020 by **Sveta na Knigite publishing house under the title Антология на Мъдростта. Афоризми (Anthology of Wisdom. Aphorisms)** by Sorin Cerin. Bulgarian author and editorialist Eleazar Harash, known worldwide for its extrasensory abilities, claims about Sorin Cerin.

Fabrizio Caramagna, one of the most important specialists in the world in the field of aphorisms, declares that the Collection of Wisdom - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition from 2014, written by Sorin Cerin, is: "A monumental work that writes the history of the aphorism Sorin Cerin is considered one of the most important aphorism writers in the world. Sorin Cerin is the author of the monumental work, which currently writes the history of the aphorism, entitled Wisdom Collection, which includes 11,486 aphorisms, structured in 14 volumes This is one of the most extensive works in the field of aphorisms to date.... " end quote. This appreciation of Fabrizio Caramagna appeared in issue 52-54, April-June, 2014 of the Literary Destinies magazine in Montreal, Canada on page 33.

One of the most representative romanian literary critic, **Ion Dodu Balan**, Professor at the **University of Bucharest** considered that Sorin Cerin: "Modern poet and prosiest, essays and philosophic study's author on daring and ambitious themes like immortality, ephemerid and eternity, on death, naught, life, faith, spleen. Sorin Cerin has lately approached similar fundamental themes, in the genre of aphorisms, in the volumes: Revelations, and Immortality. Creations that, through the language of literary theory, are part of the sapient creation, containing aphorisms, proverbs, maxims etc. which „sont les echos de l'experience", that makes you wonder how such a young author can have such a vast and varied life experience, transfigured with talent in hundreds of copies on genre of wisdom. As to fairly

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appreciate the sapient literature in this two volumes of Sorin Cerin, I find it necessary to specify, at all pedantically and tutoring, that the sapient creation aphorism is related if not perfectly synonymous, in certain cases to the proverb, maxim, thinking, words with hidden meaning, as they are ... in the Romanian Language and Literature.

Standing in front of such a creation, we owe it to establish some hues, to give the genre her place in history. The so-called sapient genre knows a long tradition in the universal literature, since **Homer** up to **Marcus Aurelius, François de La Rochefoucauld, Baltasar Gracian, Arthur Schopenhauer** and many others, while in Romanian literature since the chroniclers of the XVII and XVIII century, to **Anton Pann, Constantin Negruzzi, Mihai Eminescu, Nicolae Iorga, Garabet Ibrăileanu, Lucian Blaga and George Călinescu** up to **C.V. Tudor** in the present times. The great critic and literary historical, Eugen Lovinescu, once expressed his opinion and underlined “the sapient aphoristic character”, as one of the characteristics that creates the originality of Romanian literature, finding its explanation in the nature of the Romanian people, as lovers of peerless proverbs. Even if he has lived a time abroad, Sorin Cerin has carried, as he tells us through his aphorisms, his home country in his heart, as the illustrious poet Octavian Goga said, „wherever we go we are home because in the end all roads meet inside us”. In Sorin Cerin’s aphorisms, we discover his own experience of a fragile soul and a lucid mind, but also the Weltanschauung of his people, expressed through a concentrated and dense form. Philosophical, social, psychological and moral observations. Sorin Cerin is a “moralist” with a contemporary thinking and sensibility. Some of his aphorisms, which are concentrated just like energy in an atom, are real poems in one single verse. Many of his gnomic formulations are the expression of an

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ever-searching mind, of a penetrating, equilibrated way of thinking, based on the pertinent observation of the human being and of life, but also of rich bookish information. Thus, he dares to define immortality as “moment’s eternity” and admits to “destiny’s freedom to admit his own death facing eternity”, “God’s moment of eternity which mirrors for eternity in Knowledge, thus becoming transient, thus Destiny which is the mirror image of immortality”. “Immortality is desolated only for those who do not love”, “immortality is the being’s play of light with Destiny, so both of them understand the importance of love”. Nevertheless, the gnomic, sapient literature is difficult to achieve, but Sorin Cerin has the resources to accomplish for the highest exigency. He has proved it in his ability to correlate The Absolute with Truth, Hope, Faith, Sin, Falsehood, Illusion, Vanity, Destiny, The Absurd, Happiness, etc. A good example of logic correlation of such notions and attributes of The Being and Existence, is offered by the Spleen aphorisms from the Revelations December 21, 2012 volume. Rich and varied in expression and content, the definitions, valued judgments on one of the most characteristics state of the Romanian soul, The Spleen, a notion hard to translate, as it is different from the Portuguese “saudade”, the Spanish “soledad”, the German “Sehnsucht”, the French “melancolie” and even the English “spleen”. Naturally, there is room for improving regarding this aspect, but what has been achieved until now is very good. Here are some examples which can be presumed to be „pars pro toto” for both of his books: „Through spleen we will always be slapped by the waves of Destiny which desire to separate immortality from the eternity of our tear”, „The spleen, is the one that throws aside an entire eternity for your eyes to be borne one day”, „The spleen is love’s freedom”, „The spleen is the fire that burns life as to prepare it for death” end quote. (Fragments of the review

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published in the Literary Mirror (Oglinda Literara) no. 88, Napoca News March 26, 2009, Romanian North Star (Luceafarul Romanaesc), April 2009, and Literary Destinies (Destine Literare), Canada, April - May, page.14-15, 2009)

Adrian Dinu Rachieru, University Professor, PhD. states: ".we may, of course, mention worth quoting, even memorable wordings. For example, Life is the "epos of the soul", future is defined as " the father of death".Finally, after leaving "the world of dust", we are entering the virtual space, into the "eternity of the moment"(which was given to us) ". (Fragments of the review published in the Literary Mirror (Oglinda Literara) no.89 and the Romanian North Star (Luceafarul Romanesc), May 2009

Most of the aphorisms that make up the Collection of Wisdom are true philosophical essays, as stated by Professor **Florentin Smarandache**. This fact classifies Sorin Cerin as an important essayist. PhD Professor **Florentin Smarandache**, mathematician, at **University of New Mexico, United States** underlined about the aphoristic work of Sorin Cerin, in the magazine Destine literare, no. 39, p. 92, July-October 2016, under the title, An Expatriate and Repatriated, Romanian Writer, that, we quote: "I read with interest the volumes of aphorisms and soul of the writer Sorin Cerin. I have special affinities for the literary men who have known exile, who they have been in the same situation as the undersigned. After the coming of the miners, he emigrated to the United States, where he lived for a few years, then returned to Romania. Mr. Cerin, born in 1963, in Baia Mare, studied at the Institute of Italian Language and Culture in Bucharest. He is currently an honorary member of the Canadian Association of Romanian Writers. He started with poetry in 1986, and in volume with the novel Destiny in 2003. Lately he has dedicated himself to aphorisms and philosophical

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meditations (the logic and coaxiological phenomenology). Many critics have highlighted the value of his writings, such as Adrian Dinu Rachieru (—citable formulations), Al. Florin Tene (—the deep meanings of revelations), Maria Ana Tupan (—the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy), Ion Vlad (—reflexivity is dominant in his creation), Cornel Moraru (—prophet of nothingness), Theodor Codreanu: —Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker! - with whom I fully subscribe. In his creations are felt reverberations paradoxist (—Rains of fire), pessimistic (—The NonSense of existence), —Learn to die), metaphorical (—Smile is the flower of the soul), logical (—Of course that and, death disappears with the being). Some aphorisms are memorable, turning their author into an important essayist. We look forward to his new volumes...." end quote.

Criticism of the work of philosophical poetry

PhD Professor **Ștefan Borbély**, at the **Babeș-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca**, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine *Contemporanul* (The Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, **Gnoses of Sorin Cerin**, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also

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of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the texts-revelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of such an autarchic (Autarky) spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in

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order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words," "ruined cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Giovanni Battista Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration (Thomas d'Aquino's *acedia*, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still, in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from

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the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled Where we will be forced to stay:

We embarked, /on the ship of the Vanity, /with the name of Happiness, /without we knowing, /that the ports in which will dock, /are those of the Pain and Absurd, /followed in the end, /by the one called, Death, /where we will be forced to stay, /forever, /separated from the identity of Love, /what will be stolen from us, /by another Destiny, /what will no longer belong to us, /for to be carried in the distances, /of the Heart of Fire, /of the Eternity of the Moment, /given somewhere sometime, /by your Glances, /now lost, /among the Flowers of Tears, .of the Memories.

It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulitic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the poet writes - we have been forbidden to know".

Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does

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nothing but move away from the Subconscious Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the sharing, from its substance, the preparation of transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie anti-eschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed, unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion?: the poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of

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the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes.

PhD, Professor, **Alexandru Cistelean**, at the **Petru Maior University of Târgu Mureș**, within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title, **Between reflection and attitude**, appeared in the Familia (magazine) nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, articles, also taken over by Poezia magazine from April 2016, where Alexandru Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that : "From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation". One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality. Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Titu Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual. Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies. Even what sounds like

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an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations). But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions. They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified. Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism. One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized, or panic in front of majesty of the word. Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert. It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence. The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation. It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant. How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what

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wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical. But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," "the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification. On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity. Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such. But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism). On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates. Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions). The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions. Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again). The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm

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(cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence". It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation. So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today. Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Ștefan Borbély highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism. For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ". It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems. From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD., Professor, **Elvira Sorohan**, at the **Alexandru Ioan Cuza University of Iași**,, under the title: "**An existentialist et of the 21st Century**", reveals a laborious synthesis of Sorin Cerin's philosophical poetry. To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare* (Literary Talks) in the September 2015 issue, pages 25-28 , review taken over in full by Destine literare(Literary Destiny) in the October 2015 issue, pages

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65-68 , review which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Talks", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title, **An existentialist poet of the 21st century**, that: " Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain. Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "Paraphrasing it on Titu Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Vasile Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three). The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation. It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation. Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration. I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ? And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question

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that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ". We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made. The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist. I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest. After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters. It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialists, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems. Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new. And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny. It is the King biblical, an, existentialist avant la lettre. He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind". What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Søren Kierkegaard and up to Jean-Paul Sartre, with specific nuances. A poem in the terms, of the Existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not

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finally, by the power of the return over of the self. It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration. Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas. But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet. Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church. Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another. The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric. Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged. At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin". It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails". The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases. The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life". Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious

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use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others. The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside. Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like Hierarchy of the Vanity.But it's not the only one.Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í to Jean-Paul Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence. I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the

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Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, /... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes. If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry. Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says. At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics. Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories". In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers..." Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried..." And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence. Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection..." Here the words came back to poetry. But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background

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of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century. This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less. From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging. The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament. He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self. In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd. It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread." The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self. || Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness, /... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. ||... Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities? Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a

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Sens what we will not him know, never. "Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral. It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in. Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." /... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ". Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle. Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment... ". Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard. After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin, update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel. Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness. Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery". Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes

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such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God. The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd. Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books. Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity". Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case. But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time. Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci but he must beware of the danger of remaining an artifex, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from George Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess..."emd quote.

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PhD., Professor, **Maria-Ana Tupan** at the **University of Bucharest**: "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from **Emil Cioran's** philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, Original sin of... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican: [...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation, on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil, If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as **Existentialist project** "(Oglinda literară nr. 162, June 2015, pag.10977)

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PhD., Professor, **Ion Vlad**, at the **Babeş-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca**: "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of Silence, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism " (Oglinda literară nr. 162, June 2015, pag.10977)

PhD., Professor, **Mircea Muthu**., at the **Babeş-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca**: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured." "Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire" (Oglinda literară nr. 162, June 2015, pag.10977)

PhD., Professor, **Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu**, at the **Babeş-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca**: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Lucian Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Tudor Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Tudor Arghezi bearing

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the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, `a rebours, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love " .(Familia (magazine) nr.7-8, iulie-august, pag. 242, 2015)

PhD., Professor, **Călin Teuțișan**, at the **Babeș-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca**: ""Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. " (Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

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PhD., Professor, **Cornel Moraru**, at the **Petru Maior University of Târgu Mureș**: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy... " Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

PhD., Professor, **Cornel Ungureanu**, at the **West University of Timișoara**: "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. " Oglinda literară nr. 162, June 2015, pag.10977)

PhD., Professor, **Ovidiu Moceanu**, at the **Transylvania University of Brașov**: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter"... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full

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living of the meaning of existence. " (Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

PhD., Professor, **Dumitru Chioaru**, at the **Lucian Blaga University of Sibiu**: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic?- It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin. The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, poeta vates, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word " (Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: " "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"" Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of Meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold." Oglinda literară nr. 163, July 2015, pag. 10998)

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Ø In 2014, the book entitled "Culegere de înțelepciune- Opere complete de aforisme, ediție de referință" appeared in the United States in Romanian, in English, with the title **Wisdom Collection- Complete Works of Aphorisms, Reference Edition** , containing a number of 11 486 aphorisms structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection, 2014. In 2020, all 14 volumes of aphorisms that make up the **Collection of Wisdom - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition** from 2014, are translated partially into Bulgarian and published by the Bulgarian **Zveta na Knigite publishing house** under the title: **Антология на Мъдростта. Афоризми (Anthology of Wisdom. Aphorisms)** 2020.

In this **Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition**, were all the books listed below and which appeared over time at other publishers, in Romania and the United States, whose ISBNs were as follows:

Ø **Dumnezeu și Destin** 2014 , 530 aphorisms, appears in the **Paco publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania, in the first edition and in the second edition in the United States of America. It also appears in English in the United States of America, with the title of **God and Destiny-aphorisms**.

Ø **Rătăcire** 2013, 515 aphorisms, appears in the **Paco publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania, in the first edition and in the second edition in the United States of America. It also appears in English in the United States of America, with the title **Wandering-aphorisms**.

Ø **Libertate** 2013 , 863 aphorisms, appears in the **Paco publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania, in the first edition and in the second edition in the United States of America. It also appears in English in the United States of America, with the title **Freedom-aphorisms**.

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Bucharest which includes volumes of aphorisms, Iluminare (Illumination) , Paradisul și Infernul (Paradise and Inferno), Păcatul (The Sin), Deșertăciune (Vanity) and Contemplare (Contemplation). Before being published in Cugetări esențiale, each volume of this book appears separately in the United States of America, in both Romanian and English, with the following ISBNs:

Ø In the Romanian language it appears under the title Contemplare , 393 aphorisms. It also appears in English with the title of Contemplation.

Ø In the Romanian language it appears under the title Deșertăciune 2011, 431 aphorisms. It also appears in English with the title of Vanity: aphorisms.

Ø In the Romanian language it appears under the title Paradisul și Infernul 2011, 522 aphorisms. It also appears in English with the title of Paradise and Inferno: aphorisms.

Ø In the Romanian language it appears under the title Păcatul, 527 aphorisms. It also appears in English with the title The Sin: aphorisms.

Ø In the Romanian language it appears under the title Iluminare, 693 aphorisms. It also appears in English with the title of Illumination: aphorisms.

Ø In 2009 it was published by the prestigious **Eminescu publishing house**, one of the most selective Romanian publishing houses, Culegere de înțelepciune (Wisdom collection), in which for the first time appear the volumes Înțelepciune (The book of Wisdom), Patima (The book of Passion) and Iluzie și realitate (The book of Illusion and reality), together with those reissued as Nemurire (The book of Immortality), Învăță să mori (The book of the dead) and Revelații (The book of Revelations), volumes published both separately and together in the collection, in online or print English editions in the United States, Wisdom Collection 2009.

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The three books previously published by other publishers and published in the 2009 Culegere de înțelepciune (Wisdom Collection), from the **Eminescu Publishing House** in Romania are:

Ø Revelații, first edition appeared at **Paco publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania. It also appears in English with the title of The Book of Revelations contains 2509 aphorisms, the United States of America

Ø Nemuire, first edition appeared at Paco publishing house, Bucharest, Romania. It also appears in English with the title of The Book of Immortality contains 856 aphorisms

Ø Învăț să mori, first edition appeared at Paco publishing house, Bucharest, Romania. It also appears in English with the title of The Book of the Dead contains 1219 aphorisms

Ø Subsequent to the 2009 edition of the Culegerii de Înțelepciune (Wisdom Collection), have appeared separately in English in the United States and books entitled:

Ø The Book of Wisdom (Înțelepciune) contains 1500 aphorisms

Ø The Book of Passion (Patima) contains 492 aphorisms

Ø The Book of Illusion and Reality (Iluzie și Realitate) contains 413 aphorisms

Books of philosophical studies

Ø Sorin Cerin: The Coaxialism - Final Edition

Ø The Transcendental Coaxiological Mathematics

Ø Sorin Cerin: Operele Filozofice ale Coaxialismului - Editia 2020, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020. This book appears in English with the title: Sorin Cerin: The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism - 2020 Reference Edition, the United States of America 2020

Ø Coaxialismul -Editie completa de referinta, Prima editie, editura **Paco**, Romania 2007, a doua, Statele Unite ale Americii 2010 (Complete reference edition, First

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edition, **Paco publishing house**, Romania 2007, second, the United States of America 2010) ; This book appears in English with the title: **The Coaxialism- Complete reference edition**, the United States of America 2011

Ø **Moarte, neant, aneant, viață și Bilderberg Group**, Prima editie, editura **Paco**, Romania 2007, a doua, Statele Unite ale Americii 2010; **Death, Nothingness, Un-nothingness, Life and Bilderberg Group-**, First edition, **Paco publishing house**, Romania 2007, second, the United States of America 2010. This book appears in English with the title: **Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being** , the United States of America, 2020

Ø **Logica coaxiologică**, Prima editie, editura **Paco**, Romania 2007, a doua, Statele Unite ale Americii 2014; - **The Coaxiological logic-**, First edition, **Paco publishing house**, Romania 2007, second, the United States 2014. This book appears in English with the title: **The Coaxiological Logic**, the United States of America 2020

Ø **Starea de concepțiune în fenomenologia coaxiologică**, Prima editie, editura **Paco**, Romania 2007, a doua, Statele Unite ale Americii 2014; - **The state of conception in coaxiological phenomenology -**, First edition, **Paco publishing house**, Romania 2007, second, the United States of America, 2014. This book appears in English with the title: **The Creation the United States of America** 2020

Ø **Antichrist, ființă și iubire**, Prima editie, editura **Paco**, Romania 2007 a doua, Statele Unite ale Americii 2012 (First edition, **Paco publishing house**, Romania 2007 second United States of America 2012); This book appears in English with the title: **The Evil- the United States of America** 2014

Ø **Iubire**, Statele Unite ale Americii 2012 (the United States of America 2012); - **Amour- the United States of America** 2010; This book appears in English with the title: **Love the United States of America** 2012

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Books of philosophical poems

- Ø In Memoriam- Poezii Filozofice de Dragoste, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020, (In Memoriam – Philosophical Poems of Love, the United States of America, 2020)
- Ø O Moarte a Iubirii - Poezii Filozofice de Dragoste, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020, (A Death of Love - Philosophical Poems of Love, the United States of America 2020)
- Ø De ce Plâng Îngerii Iubirii?- Poezii Filozofice de Dragoste, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020, - Why the Angels of Love Cry? - Philosophical Love Poems the United States of America 2020
- Ø Inimi de Cenușă – Poezii Filozofice de Dragoste Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; (Ash Hearts - Philosophical Poems of Love , the United States of America 2019)
- Ø Fără tine Iubire - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 (Without You Love - Philosophical Poems the United States of America 2019)
- Ø Am crezut în Nemărginirea Iubirii - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; I believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2019
- Ø Te-am iubit - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2019;- I loved you - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2019
- Ø Să dansăm Iubire - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 (Let's Dance Love - Philosophical Poems the United States of America 2019)
- Ø Sfîntenia Iubirii - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 (The holiness of Love - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2019)
- Ø Steaua Nemuririi - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018; - The Star of Immortality-Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018

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- Ø Iluzia Mântuirii- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Illusion of Salvation - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Întâmplare Neîntâmplătoare - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Non-incidentally Happening - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Singurătatea Nemuririi - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Loneliness of Immortality - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Drame de Companie - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Company Dramas - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Calea spre Absolut - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Path to the Absolute - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Dumnezeuul meu - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (My God - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Angoase existențiale- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018; - Existential Anguishes - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018
- Ø Mai Singur - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 ;- More lonely - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2019
- Ø Pe Umerii Lacrimii Unui Timp - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (On the Shoulders of the Tears of a Time - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø În sălbăticia Sângelui - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (In the Wild of Blood - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Început și Sfârșit - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Beginning and End - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

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- Ø Marea Iluzie a Spargerii Totului Primordial - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Great Illusion of Breaking of the Primordial Everything - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Transcendental - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Transcendental - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Amintirile Viitorului - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Memories of the Future - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Înțelesul Iubirii –Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Meaning of Love - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Tot ce a rămas din noi este Iubire -Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (All that is left of us is Love - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Creația Iubirii -Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Creation of Love - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Zâmbetul este floarea Sufletului -Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Smile is the flower of the Soul - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Omul este o șoaptă mincinoasă a Creației- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Man is a lying whisper of Creation - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Condiția Umană- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Human Condition - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)
- Ø Agonia- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Agony - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

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Ø Iubire și Sacrificiu- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Love and Sacrifice - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Disperare- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Despair - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Statuile Vivante ale Absurdului- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018;- The Living Statues of the Absurd - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018

Ø Arta Absurdului Statuilor Vivante- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The art of the Absurd of the Living Statues - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Absurd - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Absurd - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Greața și Absurdul - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Nausea and Absurd - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Alienarea Absurdului- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Alienation of the Absurd - Philosophical Poems, United States of America 2018)

Ø Depresiile Absurdului Carismatic – Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Depression of Charismatic Absurd - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Zilele fără adăpost ale Absurdului - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Homeless Days of the Absurd - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Stelele Căzătoare ale Durerii Lumii de Apoi - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (The Falling Stars of the Pain of the Afterlife World - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

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Ø Cunoaşterea este adevărata Imagine a Morţii - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (Knowledge is the True Image of Death - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Teatrul Absurd- Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018; The Absurd Theater- Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2018

Ø Vise - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 ; Dreams- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

Ø În Inima ta de Jar Iubire- Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018 (In Your Heart of Fire Love - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2018)

Ø Nemurirea Iubirii - Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018, The Immortality of Love- Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2019

Ø Timpul pierdut- Poezii filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2018, The Lost Time -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019

Ø Iluzia Existenţei - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017; The Illusion of Existence: Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017

Ø Existenţialism - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- Existentialism: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017

Ø Fiinţă şi Nefiinţă - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017; Being and Nonbeing: Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017

Ø Oglinzile Paralele ale Genezei - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Parallel Mirrors of the Genesis: Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017

Ø Existenţa si Timp - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- Existence and Time: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017

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- Ø Obiecte de Cult - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- Objects of Worship: Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Copacul Cunoașterii - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Tree of The Knowledge: Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Iluzia Amintirii- Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Illusion of Memory: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Ø Iluzia Morții - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Illusion of Death: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Ø Eternitate - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- Eternity- Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Filosofia Iubirii - Dragoste și Destin - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Philosophy of Love - Love and Destiny- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Ø Filosofia Iubirii - Verighetele Privirilor - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Philosophy of Love-The Wedding Rings of Glances- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Ø Filosofia Iubirii - Fructul Oprit - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Philosophy of Love - The Forbidden Fruit- Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Filosofia Iubirii - Lacrimi - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2017;- The Philosophy of Love- Tears- Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Străinul Subconștient al Adevărului Absolut - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (The Subconscious Stranger of Absolute Truth - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)

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- Ø Paradigma Eternității - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (Paradigm of Eternity - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Marea Contemplare Universală - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (The Great Universal Contemplation - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Bisericile Cuvintelor - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (The Churches of Words - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Trafic de carne vie - Poeme filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (Live meat trafficking - Philosophical poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Vremurile Cuierelor Tulburi - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (The times of the troubled Nails - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Divinitate - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (Divinity - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø La Cabinetul Stomatologic - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (At the Dental Office - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Origami - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (Origami - Philosophical Poems United, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø Dinainte de Spatiu si Timp - Poeme Filosofice Statele Unite ale Americii 2016 (Before Space and Time - Philosophical Poems, the United States of America 2016)
- Ø A Fi Poet, Prima editie, **Editura eLiteratura**, București 2015 (To Be Poet, **eLiteratura publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania 2015)
- Ø O Clipă de Eternitate, Prima editie, **Editura eLiteratura**, București 2015 (A Moment of Eternity **eLiteratura publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania 2015)

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Ø Suntem o Hologramă, Prima editie, Editura eLiteratura, București 2015 (We are a Hologram eLiteratura publishing house, Bucharest, Romania 2015)

Ø Zile de Carton, Prima editie, **Editura eLiteratura**, București 2015 (Cardboard Days, **eLiterature publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania 2015)

Ø Fericire, Prima editie, **Editura eLiteratura**, București 2015 (Happiness, **eLiterature publishing house**, Bucharest, Romania 2015)

Ø Nonsensul Existenței, Prima editie, **Editura Paco** Romania, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- The Nonsense of Existence - Poems of Meditation First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2015, second edition, the United States of America 2016

Ø Liberul arbitru, Prima editie, **Editura Paco**, Romania, a doua Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- The Free Will - Poems of Meditation, First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2015, second edition, , the United States of America 2016

Ø Marile taceri, Prima editie, **Editura Paco**, Romania, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- The Great Silences - Poems of Meditation First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2015, second editon, the United States of America 2016

Ø Ploi de Foc, prima editie, **Editura Paco** Romania, 2015, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- Rains of Fire - Poems of Meditation First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2015, the United States of America 2016

Ø Moarte, Prima editie, **Editura Paco**, Romania, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- Death - Poems of Meditation , First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2015, second edition, the United States of America 2016

Ø Iluzia Vietii, Prima editie, **Editura Paco**, Romania, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- The Illusion

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- of Life - Poems of Meditation, First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania 2015, second edition, the United States of America 2016
- Ø Prin cimitirele viselor, Prima editie, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2015, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2015;- Through The Cemeteries of The Dreams - Poems of Meditation First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania,2015, second edition, the United States of America 2016
- Ø Îngeri și Nemurire, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2014, a doua editie, Statele Unite ale Americii 2014;- Angels and Immortality - Poems of Meditation, First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2014, second edition, the United States of America 2017
- Ø Politice, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2013, Statele Unite ale Americii 2013 , First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2013, Politically, second edition,, the United States of America 2013)
- Ø Facerea lumii, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2013, a doua editie Statele Unite ale Americii 2013;- Making the World-Philosophical poems First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania,2013, second edition, the United States of America 2018
- Ø Cuvântul Lui Dumnezeu, **Editura Paco**, Romania 2013, a doua editie Statele Unite ale Americii 2013, God's Word, First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America 2013)
- Ø Alegerea Mantuitorului, **Editura Paco** Romania 2013, a doua editie Statele Unite ale Americii 2013 , Election of the Savior, First edition, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America 2013)
- Ø Adresa unei cești de cafea, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2013, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2013 (Address of a cup of coffee, **Paco Publishing House**,

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Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America, 2013)

Ø Memento Mori, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Memento Mori, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Parfum de eternitate, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Perfume of eternity, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Umbrele Inimilor, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Shadows of the Hearts, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Inimă de piatră amară, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Heart of bitter stone, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Legende de sufletului, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Legends of the soul, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Adevăr, Amintire, Iubire, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (Truth, Remembrance, Love, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Eram Marile Noastre Iubiri, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2012, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2012 (We were our Great Loves, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012)

Ø Suflete pereche, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2011, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2011 (Soulmates, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2011, second edition, the United States of America, 2011)

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Ø Templul inimii, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2011, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2011 (Temple of the Heart, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2011, second edition, the United States of America, 2011)

Ø Poeme de dragoste, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2009, a doua ediție, Statele Unite Ale Americii, 2011 (Love Poems, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2009, second edition, the United States of America, 2011)

Novels

Ø Destin, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2003 (Destiny, **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2003) ; Destiny, the United States of America 2004

Ø Trilogia Destiny cu volumele Psycho, Apocalipsa și Exodus, **Editura Paco**, Romania, 2004, urmând să apară Lumina Divină doi ani mai târziu ce avea să întregască ciclul Originea lui Dumnezeu 2004- 2006 (Destiny trilogy with volumes Psycho, Apocalypse and Exodus, and The Divine Light which appeared two years later which was to complete the cycle Origin of God 2004-2006), **Paco Publishing House**, Romania, 2004.

Ø The origin of God apărut în Statele Unite ale Americii cu volumele The Divine Light, Psycho, The Apocalypse și Exodus 2006 (The origin of God appeared in the United States with volumes The Divine Light, Psycho, The Apocalypse and Exodus 2006)

Nonfiction Books

Ø Wikipedia pseudo-enciclopedia minciunii, cenzurii și dezinformării Prima carte critică la adresa wikipediei care dezvăluie abuzurile, minciuna, mistificările din această enciclopedie – Statele Unite ale Americii – 2011 ;

Wikipedia: Pseudo-encyclopedia of the lie, censorship and misinformation The first book which criticizes Wikipedia, that reveals the abuses, lies, mystifications in this encyclopedia – the United States of America – 2011

Ø Bible of the Light – the United States of America -2011

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Ø Procesul Wikipedia – Drepturile omului, serviciile secrete și justiția din România – Statele Unite ale Americii - 2018 (Wikipedia Process - Human Rights, Secret Services and Justice in Romania - the United States of America - 2018)

Famous Quotes

Sorin Cerin's aphorisms are published in prestigious anthologies of the world but also in collections of quotes from around the world

Some of his famous quotes:

“Only in the eyes of love you can find infinity.”...

“The soul mate is what we aspire to and like to understand about us, is what we deem to be perfection, purity and endless regarding our own being.”

“Rain drops are not the ones who bring the clouds.”...

“Your eyes will always be closer to your soul than to any other part of your body except the heart.”...

“Where I will find peace other than in oblivion?”...

“The dawn of beauty always comes after night.”

“What can the love in my soul be compared to another wonderful soul which is so far and yet so close of my self? What can this symbiosis between two souls can be? What can love be when you feel you cannot sleep at night, that every drop of dew becomes a crystal in your heart, when every breeze of wind has magical meanings? What can love be when you feel that you want nothing more in this world that to be with the soul you love? But what can love be in other transcendental realities? What about our souls? Are our souls a waterfall, a true Niagara or a smile, a flirt of an angel? Are our souls a mere mood of a fairy or a lightening in a summer rain? Our souls could be all of this and much more. But what really happens in that transcendental reality when we feel we are truly in love, that we love so

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much that it hurts? That the air in the room is unbreathable, that the sentimental, spiritual or physical distances kill us? What happens when dawn find us sadder than ever, looking for an excuse or an argument for the person we love so much, our Great Love? What are all thses? What are the looks lost in the desert horizons of unfulfilment or those in the eyes that deeply loose each other in the others inside the souls?"

External links

- https://everipedia.org/wiki/lang_en/sorin-cerin
- https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/99425.Sorin_Cerin
- https://books.google.ro/books?id=McnYDwAAQBAJ&printsec=frontcover&hl=ro&source=gb_s_ge_summary_r&cad=0#v=onepage&q&f=false
- https://books.google.ro/books?id=dGnqDwAAQBAJ&dq=sorin+cerin+wisdom+collection+complete+works&hl=ro&source=gb_s_navlinks_s
- https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/99425.Sorin_Cerin
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- https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B00JMAG8BE/ref=db_a_def_rwt_bibl_vppi_i0
- <https://en.calameo.com/read/00612520104673c16f8c2>
- https://books.google.ro/books?id=xDDMDwAAQBAJ&dq=sorin+cerin+the+futura+of+artificial+intelligence&hl=ro&source=gb_s_navlinks_s
- https://books.google.ro/books?id=09jrDwAAQBAJ&pg=PA170&dq=sorin+cerin+the+philosophical+works+of+the+coaxialism&hl=ro&source=gb_s_toc_r&cad=3#v=onepage&q=sorin%20cerin%20the%20philosophical%20works%20of%20the%20coaxialism&f=false

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